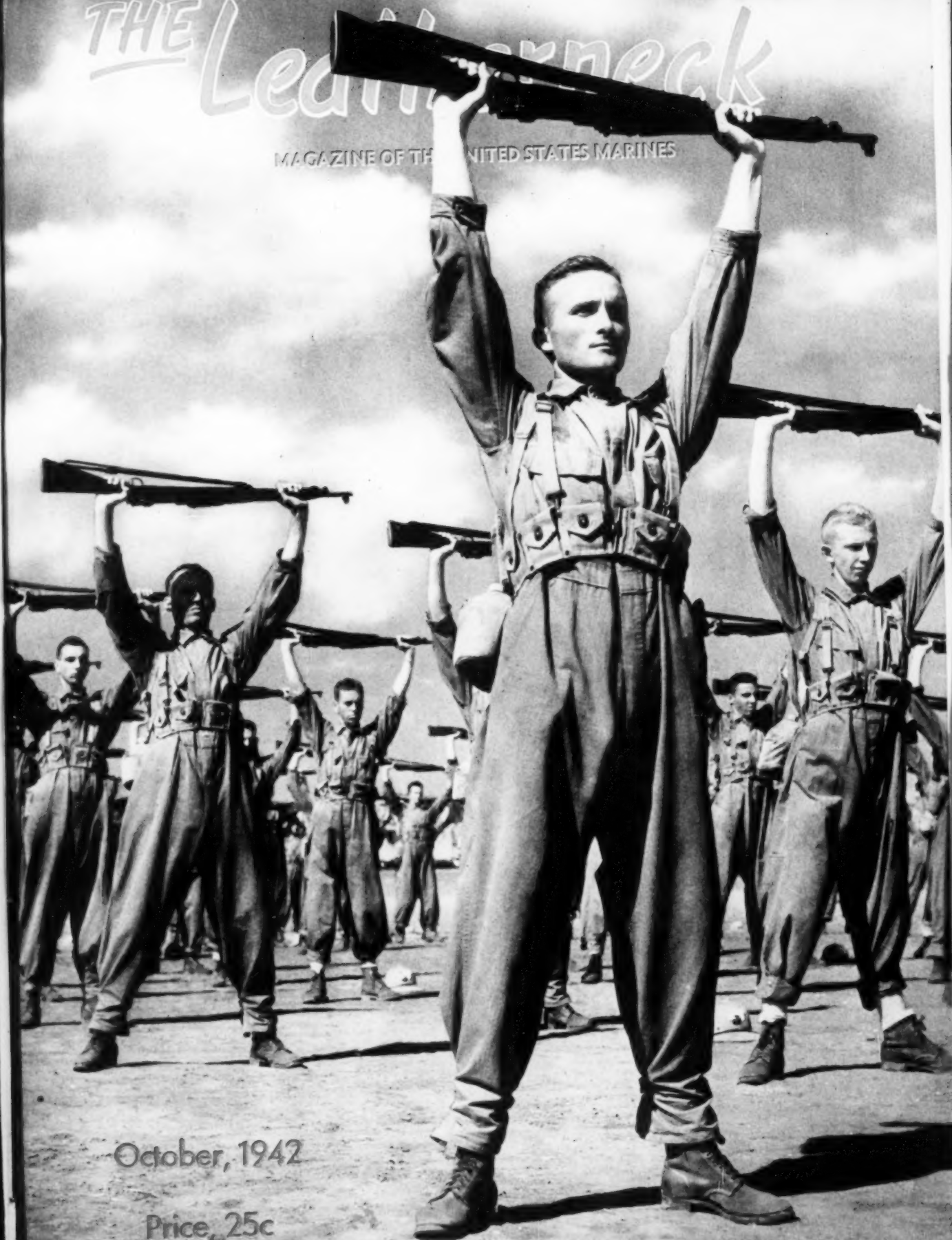


THE Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



October, 1942

Price, 25c

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is doing a grand job in the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to the boys)
 ☆ You should see her starring in the new Paramount Picture "PALM BEACH STORY" ☆



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They Satisfy





JAMES PATRICK DOLAN—IN FULL SCOTTISH REGALIA—ENLISTED IN THE MARINES AT SAGINAW, MICHIGAN. DOLAN HAS SERVED UNDER THE COLORS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND BEFORE HE ENLISTED IN THE U.S. PROVED HIS VALUE AS A SOLDIER IN CANADA.



CAPTAIN CHARLES PADDOCK



CHARLIE PADDOCK—SPRINTER OF FAME A DECADE AGO, IS NOW A CAPTAIN IN THE MARINES. CAPTAIN PADDOCK STILL HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD IN THE 300, 200 AND 50 YARD; ALSO THE 300 METER RACES WHICH HE PILED UP IN OLYMPIC COMPETITION BETWEEN 1920 AND 1928. THE CAPTAIN WAS A NEWSPAPER EXECUTIVE BEFORE HE JOINED



MAJOR JAMES ROOSEVELT—JOINED THE CORPS IN 1936 AS A RESERVE. HE HAS BEEN IN ACTIVE DUTY SINCE NOVEMBER 7, 1940; WHEN HE WAS ON AN INSPECTION TOUR TO THE MIDDLE EAST LAST MAY, EXPERIENCED BOMBING AND STRAFING; WAS UNDER FIRE AGAIN AT MIDWAY AND IS NOW SERVING WITH THE RAIDERS IN THEIR FIRST BIT OF OFFENSIVE IN THE SOLOMONS.



PRIVATE JOE BENJAMIN—ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST SPECTACULAR FIGHTERS—HAS TOPPED HIS CAREER BY JOINING THE MARINES. FIGHTING IN THE LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION HE WAS ALSO A SPARRING PARTNER AND CLOSE FRIEND OF JACK DEMPSEY. WHEN DEMPSEY TOURED EUROPE, JOE WAS ALWAYS SEEN IN HIS CORNER. HE RETIRED IN 1925.



LIEUT WILLIAM F. SCHROEDER—A NAVY MEDICAL OFFICER, MADE AN UNSCHEDULED LEAP WITH THE PARATROOPERS WHILE ON A SUPPOSED "RIDE." HE WAS SO ENTHUSED BY HIS JUMP, HE IMMEDIATELY TRANSFERRED TO THE PARACHUTE SCHOOL—WHILE APPEARING ON THE RADIO PROGRAM "WALLS OF MONTELUANA" HE EXPRESSED THE NEED FOR MORE "JUMPING DOCTORS."

DE GRASSE

The world looks brighter when you've discovered that famous flavor found only in Schlitz. That's because Schlitz methods of brewing control capture only the delicate flavor of the hops, none of their bitterness. No wonder Schlitz is honored around the world as *America's most distinguished beer*. Once you taste Schlitz—brewed with just the kiss of the hops—you'll never want to go back to a bitter beer.



Copy, 1942,
Jas. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.



JUST THE *Kiss* OF THE HOPS
none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE LEATHERNECK

AT EASE!



DONALD DUCK is fighting mad! Mickey Mouse, Goofy and other characters of the Disney ink-bottle are really taking a poke at the Axis. Walt Disney believes that laughter and ridicule can hit the NUTZY-NAZIS, the SAPPY-JAPS and the FOGGY-FASCISTI where it will do the most good.

"D. Duck In Nutzi-Land" will portray some of the probable experiences of Donald should he be nabbed by the Gestapo. "German supremacy" and Nazi race theories will be ridiculed from start to finish. Mr. Disney promises other pictures along these lines.

Training films made in Hollywood, are under the supervision of Major Frank Capra, who is stationed at the cinema city representing the "special service" branch of the Army. Colonel Darryl F. Zanuck announced that there would be the Academy Research Council training film schedule. The Colonel also announced that the Research Council will lease part of the Fox studio to 20th Century-Fox, for the duration at one buck per year. This space to be utilized in the assembly of training films. These films not only teach our armed forces but other Allied forces also. Already, training films are available in Chinese, Portuguese and Spanish. Later, other languages will be recorded.

Doing it the hard way. According to Dr. Kinn Wei Shaw, China's movie industry have been grinding out pictures, 25 features and about 80 short subjects per year in studios 20 to 30 feet under solid rock! "During the bombing season, which seems to be always," said Kinn, adviser to the China Motion picture corporation, "the companies work near the dug-out entrance while there are no enemy planes in the sky. But there they come, and swiftly—almost mechanically—the talent disappears into the well ventilated dug-out to resume work without further interruption." Incidentally, Chinese movie fans regard their Lily Lee as No. 1 star, while their favorite American is none other than the inimitable Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

The memory of "Yip! Yip! Yaphank" lives again! The all-soldier show of 1917 comes to life on a far bigger scale in 1942. Thanks to creator Irving Berlin and Producer Uncle Sam. Truly a great team.

The entire proceeds of "This is the Army" go to the Army Emergency Relief. Its run in New York has set a figure record unparalleled in show biz in so short a time.

"This is the Army" is big. Plenty big! Three hundred soldiers from camps all over the U. S. take part. Some are actors and some sons of famous stage folk, while 60 per cent had never faced that sea of faces behind footlights before! What a swell job they're doing.

The show took shape at Camp Upton, Long Island, with Sergeant Ezra Stone



SLAP-STICK SCENE from "This Is The Army." The "girls" are Private Burl Ives (left) and Private Robert Moore. Fellow in the center is Sergeant Dick Bernie.

holding down the director's chair. You'll best remember Sergeant Stone as "Henry" of the "Aldrich family" radio series.

A whole minstrel show, vaudeville bill complete with jugglers, acrobats and magicians starts the show. Then comes the gigantic revue with a splash of Harlem jigtime and Russian ballets, with a "Hats off" to the Navy and Army air forces. At the last of the show, Irving Berlin sings the hit of "Yip Yip Yaphank"—After 24 years it's still the hit of "This is the Army"—The war song he wrote in 1917—"Oh How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning."

Paramount Pictures turned in an excellent job of duplicating the background scenes, with the aid of Marine Corps officers as advisers, in "Wake Island."

The "plot" deals, strictly, with facts. No script writer could do a better job. It concerns the heroic defense of "Wake" by the Leathernecks. The picture makes no attempt to be melodramatic.

The splendid performance by Brian Donlevy as commander of Wake's Marines, rates more than mention. Mr. Donlevy seemed to have been tailored for the

part.

Our book department this month is limited. However, if you want to read two "killers"—a first-aid for "barracks-blues"—try a fist full of "The Honorable Picnic"—a novel by the Frenchman, Thomas Raucat. Probably one of the funniest, yet wisest pieces is St. Clair McKelway's "An Affix for Birds." This is a short round by round account of the battle between McKelway and the Japanese language. For honest to gosh laughs, don't miss it.

The record section is a shade on the lax side, too, but we ran across a recording that you may be able to figure out.

Some time ago, John Kirby recorded, "Keep Smilin', Keep Laughin', Be Happy"—a strange mixture of gay lyrics sung with all the trimmings of a funeral. It could be a slam at the folk who see a rosy war, through glasses of the same color. If so, we must admit it's a subtle song. If not, the whole thing seems kinda plot-less. On the other hand, Kirby really came through with "St. Louis Blues" and "No Blues at All." Sorta old now, but very good.

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THE LEATHERNECK

THE DETAIL TO PLUM ISLAND

THE Marines are now "reel" men, having appeared in an edition of the *March of Time*, soon to be released to the public. The idea was on paper over a year ago, but Pearl Harbor put a large crimp in the shooting schedule.

East Coast Marines were tested for speaking roles, the selected men being detailed to York Harbor, Maine, home of the *March of Times'* School of Pictorial Journalism. On arrival, the men were surprised to find the expected, elaborate miniature Hollywood studios confined to one large old barn. However, they soon discovered that miracles could be performed in the hayloft by expert property men who could change a Shanghai bar into a Colonel's office as fast as a Parris Island D. I. can get a platoon out of the sacks.

First question was whether to make actors of Marines or vice versa. The men were again tested for acting and speaking roles, and true to Marine tradition proved to have the situation well in hand. If not exactly Brian Donlevys, they were certainly on a par with Payne and Power.

Lieutenant John Monks, author of the stage and screen success "Brother Rat," wrote the script for "We, the Marines." The show is already a hit with his battalion at New River, who enjoyed a terrific shindig on his cheek.

Under Lieutenant Monks' supervision, the gyrene actors rehearsed many long hours, which didn't keep them from "blowing up" into real uncensored Marine talk when they got too wrapped up in their work. When rushes of one of these scenes were being shown to a room filled with guests, male and female, one young Irish private was found to have added a few four-lettered words to the sound track which practically rocked the rafters. Needless to say, his ad lib efforts were promptly cut.

Most of the outdoor scenes were shot at Plum Island, Mass., to which the men commuted every day. The 30-mile trip in a Navy bus took in three states, Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. The Island was made over into a giant set and given the name Guake, a mythical place in the south Pacific. However, the island is an exact duplicate of Wake Island.

It was generally agreed, by the men, that facing the camera was quite a thrill. However, the action scenes proved more exciting, with dynamite charges likely to explode safely but unexpectedly, at any time. No rehearsal was necessary for those expressions. They were the real McCoy.

An expert demolition squad from Jacksonville handled the charges. The call-to-arms scene required a great deal of skill and timing, with men tearing madly across the screening area, a less capable outfit might have easily have caused se-



THE TECHNICAL ADVISER, Major Hagenah (center, in overseas cap) makes some explanations to Marine Corps gun crew before the cameras start grinding.

rious injury instead of just a few minor bruises that were suffered.

Thirty pounds of dynamite were used for an explosion near a gun crew in one scene, and the blast was so effective a faked moan brought Maj. E. R. Hagenah, technical adviser, out in front of the cameras, to see who had actually been injured. The Major's improvised acting was cut out from the final version.

There was little purpose in wearing clean khaki, as an abundance of ketchup and lamp black was used to give the atmosphere of bloody action. After a couple of all night parties, very little make-up was needed for those corpse-like expressions.

The Shanghai bar scene was undoubtedly the most popular, as the beer was real and free. Somehow, no amount of retakes brought about any complaints. By the time the director felt the "Atmosphere" had been reached, few members of the cast were still acting.

There should have been no fish shortage for some time after the dive bombing of a local bridge, as the blast sent about 40,000 pounds of mackerel skyward.

The month before the cameras proved a virtual vacation for the men who found

a great deal of time for swimming, sun bathing and, of course, swell dates. Added to this was the most important factor, the excellent chow at the Anchorage Hotel.

There were a few snakes in this New England eden. Many hours were spent under a hot sun, while wearing full marching order equipment. Hundreds of sand bags had to be filled and carried to different points. All trenches, dugouts, and gun emplacements were set up by the Marines. And by the way, those heavy beards were not makeup. They were nine days' growth of the real thing that did not help scratchy dispositions on those hot afternoons.

The men who really put their shoulders to the wheel, were those in the night scenes which called for the movement of three-inch guns to simulate action that took place on Wake Island. These chaps made certain that no retakes would be necessary.

When the new type of detail was finished, the Marines returned to their posts, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves, though they prefer real action to the faked, and are looking forward to writing their own script with enemy blood.



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Real Gyrenes in 'March of Time'

THE March of Time has done a full-length film on the Marine Corps entitled, "We Are the Marines." Time worked on the film in close cooperation with ranking Marine officers. All of the Marines in the picture are genuine Leathernecks and were detached from duty for this purpose from bases along the Atlantic Coast.



COLONEL JOHN POTTS issues orders to touchy Leathernecks that Japs are out to create an incident and that, on no condition, is a Marine to be drawn into a quarrel with a civilian. This is one of the China incidents from "We Are The Marines."

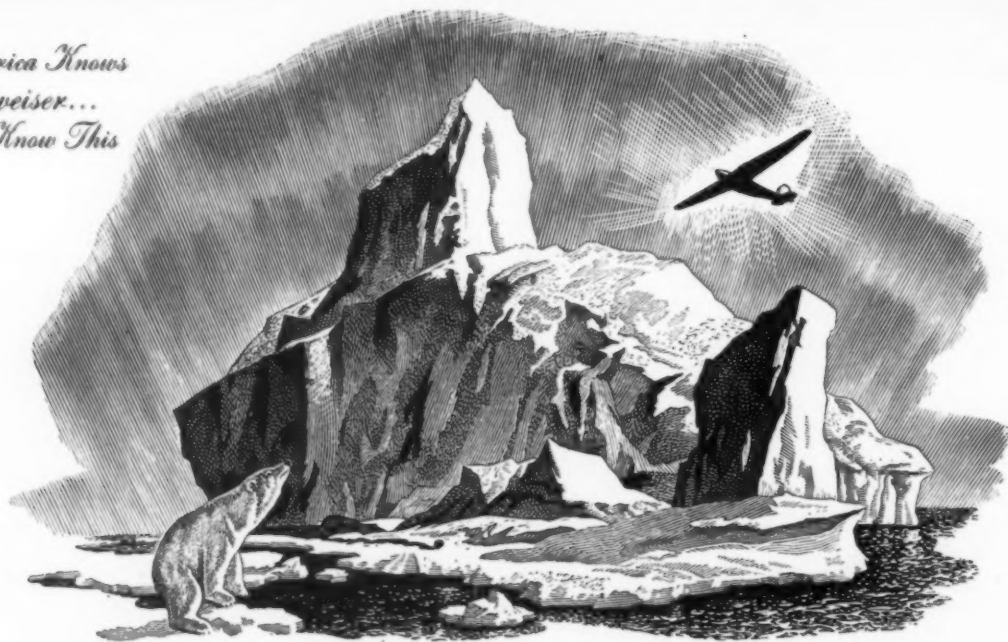


BEN COOK'S PLACE is the rendezvous for Marines in the film. The oily Japanese owner (shown behind bar) is meek enough until Jap planes come over. Then "Ben Cook" dons the uniform of a Jap naval officer, destroys installations.



HERE'S A CHALLENGING scene from "Time." Japanese Planes roar over an isolated U. S. outpost, manned by Marines. And bombs start dropping near the Pacific clipper flag pole. The Outpost was modelled after Wake Island.

*All America Knows
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but Few Know This*



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CORN SYRUP—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

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A N H E U S E R • B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

Corregidor Hero Supervises Film

COLONEL W. T. Clement, who saw action in the Philippine battleground, was technical adviser to see that the reenactments of the Marines defense of Bataan and Corregidor were accurate. Major E. R. Hagenah was over-all technical adviser, and the script for the film was written by another Marine, Lt. John Monks.



MARINE DEMOLITION SQUADS from Jacksonville, Fla., provided the fireworks for "We Are The Marines." This picture shows a Marine coastal battery being blown up as Japs assault the outpost. Notice crew falling under shock.



LEATHERNECKS ARE PICTURED overhauling a war plane during the Jap attack. Spare parts from wrecked planes are used to repair ships still in operation. This incident was taken from the official reports at Wake Island.



COLONEL W. T. CLEMENT (left), Corregidor hero, was one of the technical advisers in the film and played commander of the outpost. In this scene the commander sends message: "The enemy has landed and the issue is in doubt."



LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT, producer of March of Time, and Marine students in Time's School of Pictorial Journalism examine "rushes" on "We Are The Marines." The boys in film turned in excellent "acting" jobs, says the producer.

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EXERCISE UNDER ARMS: Marines keep their rifles, even when going through calisthenics. The cover picture shows a group of Parris Island recruits in regular muscle-hardening exercise.

CARRY ON!

Sirs:

How does it happen that the flag—presumably an American flag—on page six of the August issue, illustrating the story, "O'Bannon in Libya," has 15 stripes?

Is that part of THE LEATHERNECK's editorial policy or did Artist Denman slip in an extra stripe for good measure? We suggest that the editorial staff get together with the art department for a nice, quiet little meeting on our country's flag and its composition.

Sincerely yours,

PVT. HOMER GYRENE.

New River.

Corporal Denman was correct on his flag. At that time, there was one stripe on the flag for each state. When O'Bannon's boys taught the Libyans a lesson there were 15 states.—Ed.

Sirs:

Pardon my curiosity, but that shot of Marines in action in the Solomons (p. 36, September issue) looks a lot like news reel pictures I saw of Marines training in England. Would you mind letting me know just where in Hell it was taken.

Yours truly,

PFC. JACK BOOT,

In the field.

You're right, Boot. The shot was made in London. Art editor's face is slightly red.—Ed.

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps
Washington, D. C.

My dear Colonel Potts:

It is a pleasant duty to express our appreciation for the concert by the Marine Band and special exhibition drill by troops from the Marine Barracks.

The enthusiastic reception given this program by our employees will, I know, result in definitely improved morale, and a closer feeling that they are part of the United States Marine Corps.

Sincerely,

TROY A. NUBSON,

Major, U.S.M.C.

Volume XXV

Number 10

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

THE Leatherneck

THE MARINE BARRACKS • EIGHTH AND EYE, S. E. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1942

Leatherneck Personalities	1
At Ease	3
The Detail to Plum Island.....	5
Solomons Spearhead!	13
Solomons Sidelights	17
First Marines in Pacific.....	19
Last U. S. Passenger Ship Out of Orient.....	20
Fighter Planes Under Fire.....	21
Mermaids at Bay.....	24
Pay Day Over There.....	25
The Defilade or Mask Indicator.....	26
Gyrene Gyngles	27
That Quartet I Can't Forget.....	28
The Ballad of Jerry McGee.....	30
The Leatherneck Interviews.....	32
GIST of the Month's News.....	33-40
Detachments	42
The Gazette	51
Dis-Missed	72



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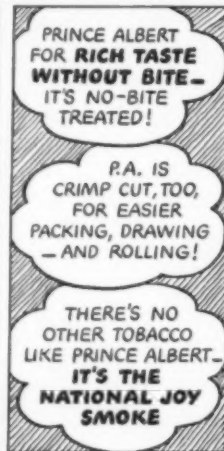
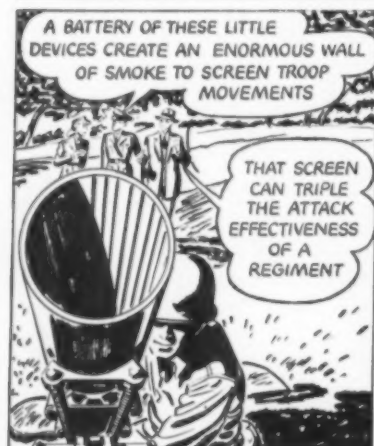
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SOLOMONS SPEARHEAD!



THE GUNS OF AN aircraft carrier spit as the Marines and Navy go into action off Solomons. Marines are manning guns.

BY F. O. COOKE



SEA VIEW OF INVASION: Here the Marines are starting off on one of their assaults in the Solomons. Ramp boats are filled with Leatherneck landing parties on Gaudaleanal Island.



EQUIPMENT REACHES BEACH: Jeeps and new-type landing barges line the sandy shore of Gaudaleanal as Marines launched their offensive against the Japanese in the Solomons.

NOW it can be told. After weeks of waiting and weighing of carefully censored Navy communiques, of conflicting reports from foreign radios and home-grown experts, the inside story of the U. S. Marines' taking of the first Jap-held territory in the Solomons, is at last ready for the public.

It is not just "the same old story" of Leatherneck victory against odds, of the Marines turning the tide as they did at Belleau Wood. The Solomons' engagement was a "first" in Corps history in many ways. It was our first real battle test of modern mechanized equipment and landing tactics. It was the first integrated thrust commanded jointly by Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force leaders spread from Nimitz in Pearl Harbor to MacArthur in Australia — a triumph of communication and coordination. It was the Marines' first meeting with the Japs on anything like even terms. It was the largest landing force the Corps has ever mustered. And they met a foe who for sheer coldbloodedness, fierce determination, treachery, and will to fight to the death ranks at the top of the list. Against them the "new" Marine Corps showed it need make no apologies to Old-Timers for softness or lack of fighting spirit. They proved their right, with blood, bullets, and bayonets, to rank first among the world's fighting men.



U. S. COMMANDERS WERE: Maj. Gen. A. A. Vandergrift of Marines (right), Admiral R. K. Turner of Navy.

The Solomons landing was not even a major battle, as battles rank in this greatest of all wars. Less than two divi-



JAPS FLED FROM HERE: This is the wreckage of a Japanese camp which the Marines attacked during the Solomons offensive. There was still warm food on the outdoor table when the Marines entered camp. But all the Nipponese had scampered away.

sions of Marines were deployed in landing operations, meeting fewer than 3,000 Japs. The territory seized totalled less than ten miles square; the equipment destroyed in a month of fighting did not equal that lost in three days on the Stalingrad front.

But as an indication of things to come, a vindication of democratic fighting spirit and man-to-man teamwork, a threat to the Rising Sun's rays of Empire, which called a precious Jap battleship out of hiding and sent Nip troops scurrying out of China to reinforce shaky supply lines, it was a brilliant and stirring success. The stab in the Solomons, now only a thorn in Nippon's grasping paw, can through successive thrusts push deeper into Jap vitals, reclaim the captured Philippines, and join the Chinese pincers at Canton to cut off completely Japan's conquests in South Asia and the Indies. (See GIST map, pp. 36-37.) Next port of call for the Marines, once New Guinea bases are cleared, should be Jap strongholds of Kieta, and Rabaul in New Britain, where, as all over South Pacific, Jap workmen labor 24 hours a day, rush construction

of airfields, oil tanks, anti-aircraft, ship bases.

Biggest factor in all Pacific operations is timing, from timing of individual squads and gun crews to timing of mass fleet movements in relation to global strategy. The Solomons success was timed to perfection. Scheduled almost to the minute (0617) to begin exactly eight months after Pearl Harbor, it proceeded in early stages almost like clockwork, showed high degree of training for all U. S. unit concerned. On larger scale, it was timed to offset bad news from Caucasus, divert Tojo's attention from attack on Siberia or India, keep Jap war machine stalled on defensive, prevent Japs from digging in so deeply in Pacific it would take years to dislodge them.

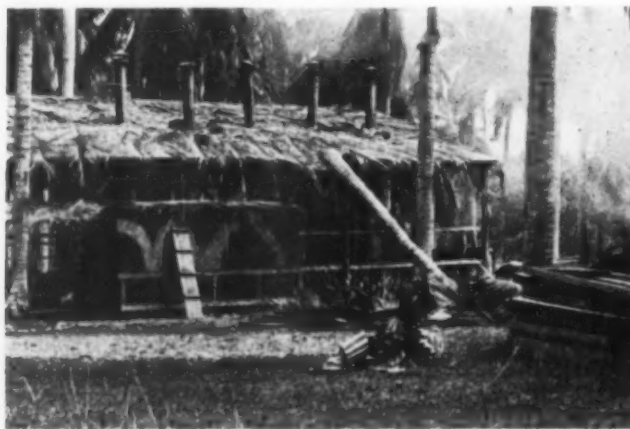
NO PARADE GROUND STUFF

Of all this, Marines of the First Battalion were not aware as they embarked on transports, destination unknown, that first week in August. Behind them were weeks of the toughest kind of training under actual combat conditions in the southernmost Jap-free Solomons, in New Zealand, New Caledonia, Samoa. For weeks

they had practiced landings under live machine-gun fire, ripped uniforms and flesh to the bone crawling through barbed wire, been spurted with fresh animal blood from bayonet dummies, climbed down rope ladders, mounted sheer walls, been burned, bruised and battered by repeated rifle and machine gun firing at surprise targets and sniper dummies. Then without weapons they learned gruelling ju-jitsu, dirty fighting, took up knives for practice duels. By the first of August, their commanders figured they were tough enough to take on any fighting unit on the map. They were being given a chance to prove it.

Scuttlebutt flowed thick and snow flew fast aboard transports as "straight dope" spreaders had the troops headed for everywhere from Little America to Tokyo. Few days out, giant convoy of warships and transports hove in view; all hands rushed to the rails, let out a yell when the long gray file of ships fell in line backing up the Marine unit. Tension mounted with each day: men grimly oiled weapons, sharpened bayonets and knives, practiced fighting tricks on deck.

Then word came from the commander,



ENEMY CAMP BURNS: Smoke rises from a Japanese work camp which was set afire as the Marines moved inland on one of the Solomons. This camp housed construction workers.



THROUGH THE JUNGLE: Pursuing the fleeing Nipponese, the Marines push inland, carrying some of their equipment on small trailers. The lads in this picture belong to a machine gun outfit.

Col. LeRoy P. Hunt: the objective was to be Jap-held Guadalcanal in the Solomons. And it was to be no parade-ground detail. Said Col. Hunt, "The Marine Corps is on the spot. . . Our country expects nothing but victory from us. . . We are meeting a tough and wily opponent, but he cannot overcome us, because we are Marines. . . Each of us has his assigned task. Let each vow to perform it to the utmost of his ability. . . Good luck and God bless you and to hell with the Japs."

The men responded with a roar, then scattered into tight-lipped groups, as the battle fever began to mount after days of inaction. Second Lieutenant Merillat, an eyewitness to that last morn aboard the transport, described it as follows:

Long before dawn on August 7th things were humming aboard the Marine armada slipping silently between Guadalcanal and Florida Islands. Between 0200 and 0300 all hands wolfed a sumptuous breakfast. Who knew how long it would be before any of us had another real meal? Iron field rations would soon take the place of steaks, fried potatoes, and scrambled eggs. Then we stood by, waiting for the sky to brighten.

The weather had been on our side. Low clouds and mist concealed our progress all day the 6th, but it cleared during the night. At 0500 we could make out the dim outline of Guadalcanal to starboard. There was no sign of activity on shore. At 0525 general quarters sounded and ship's crew took battle stations. At 0605—"Stand by to lower boats." A nervous ripple ran through the men.

Then came what all of us had been waiting tensely for: at 0617 a cruiser's guns boomed and a salvo of shells landed in the lap of the Japs. To them it must have seemed that all hell had broken loose. One la-



A DESERTED EMPLACEMENT: Marines, cautiously, inspect a Japanese machine gun emplacement on Guadalcanal Island, during the Solomons offensive. The Americans killed hundreds of Japanese soldiers after trapping them in these dugouts.

borer taken prisoner said he thought he was dead. Salvo after salvo ripped into the sleeping Jap forces. Navy planes unloaded high explosives and strafed the beaches. Red trails of tracer bullets cut across the gray dawn. Fifteen miles north Tulagi was undergoing the same punishing bombardment.

0800 was H-hour, the zero moment of attack, when the first waves of Marines took off for Tulagi. We could hear destroyers pumping salvos into the beach. Then came a strange lull as the barrage lifted, the Marines landed, and a tiny South Sea island became the first battlefield of America's offensive in World War II.

The landing on Tulagi, one of the finest naval sites in the South Pacific, was

led by Brig. Gen. Wm. H. Rupertus, who called it "the most wonderful work we have had in history." In the early morning sunlight, Marines armed to the teeth clambered over the rail, swarmed down cargo nets into speedy "X" and "Y" Higgins boats. The first wave of invasion was under way.

Excited eyewitness of the entire Tulagi action was Bernard Riley, electrician's mate on the way to rejoin his unit at sea, who just "happened by," into some of the war's bloodiest fighting. Although Marines were nothing new to him, these Raider units, packed in landing boats, seemed different men somehow.

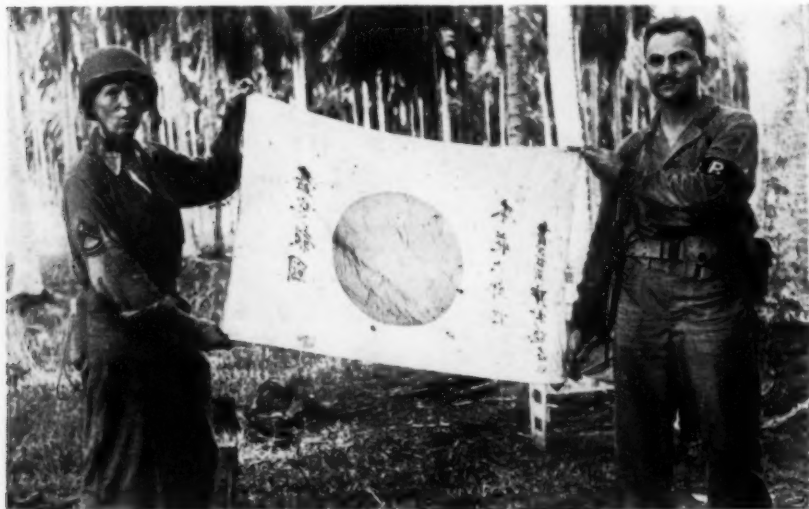
"The Marines went about the job in a cold-blooded deadly manner. . . I never saw such a cool, determined bunch. . . All were above six feet tall and as hard as nails. . . Most of them lit cigarettes and crouched calmly in the bottom of the boats.

There wasn't much talk. Looking back from my post in the bow all I could see was helmets and shoulders of Marines with rifles between their knees.

"We started to land at southwest corner of Tulagi, but as we approached, machine guns started firing from hospital windows. This was our first experience with Jap trickery, since we had purposely not bombed or shelled the hospital."

Later accounts tell how Jap nurses in white uniform were used as decoys. When the Marines went over to them to arrange for safekeeping, Jap soldiers again opened fire from the hospital windows, cutting down both Leathernecks and nurses.

"We turned away and landed further up the beach out of range. As our boat hit the sandy shore, the first Marine jumped out. He was a husky with a long black beard it must have taken six months to grow. I don't



MARINES GET A TROPHY: Two Marines, a platoon sergeant and a sergeant, proudly display a Japanese flag captured on Guadalcanal Island. Jap officers left swords in their tents, their clothes hanging on lines, and other signs of a hasty flight.



"THANKS, MR. TOJO": Marines in a jeep drive down the long runway of a formidable air base on one of the Solomons. The Japs had hoped to use this against the United Nations—until the Leatherneck landed and took over. Now base is Allies' weapon.



CAPTURED, A STEAMROLLER: A Marine stands guard over a Japanese steamroller which smoothed the ground for the air field pictured above. Americans will complete the work, started by the Japs, of making the islands first-rate air bases.



COMMUNICATIONS SET UP: The Marines used emergency radio equipment for communication with advancing patrol forces. Also, the Leathernecks kept in touch with ships of Fleet this way. First stories on offensive came through these radios.

know whether he was an officer or a private. All the Marines in speaking to each other used first names.

"Others kept jumping ashore. They took last long drags on their cigarettes, grasped rifles or tommy-guns, and plunged into the jungle. After a few seconds we could hear shooting. They were cool as could be and obviously knew their jobs."

The rest of the landing unit knew their jobs, too. A protective "umbrella" of planes covered the ships, while carrier-based dive-bombers strafed in advance of the landing parties. The Japs were caught flat-footed: 18 seaplanes were strafed and burned before they could leave the ground. Only a few bombers from Guadalcanal offered resistance that first day. Anti-aircraft and Navy fighters accounted for another 18 of them, while at the same time distant Jap bases were being bombed by Flying Fortresses from Australia to prevent air aid from reaching the Japs.

TULAGI JAPS TOUGH

Standing by, waiting anxiously for word from Raider units on shore, were the "backer-uppers," the second wave of offense. Soon "Alligators" and "Crocodiles" were waddling and splashing from ship to shore, unloading guns, small tanks, tractors, trucks and jeeps. Gun crews set up emplacements, supply barges came close in, to be unloaded feverishly by construction details carrying equipment for beach-heads and camp fortifications through water waist deep. Other units advanced into the jungle which the raiders had supposedly cleared.

But the Japs on Tulagi were not easily liquidated. They let first landing parties enter the jungle unopposed, then blasted them with withering machine gun fire from a hill dominating the entire south end of the island. At the same time, hidden snipers in trees and dugouts opened fire on the Raiders' rear. It was a ding-dong battle all the rest of the day, with the issue in doubt until countless acts of Marine heroism turned the tide for the invaders.

Col. Merritt Edson declared,

"It was impossible to approach the

THE LEATHERNECK



SOLOMON SIDELIGHTS

DURING CAPTURE OF GAVUTU IS.,
SAILORS THOUGHT MARINES WERE
SHOOTING BLINDLY INTO A COCONUT
TREE~ BUT A DEAD JAP FELL OUT

JAPANESE COLONEL, WEARING
RIBBONS OF MANCHURIA CAM-
PAIGN, COMMITTED SUICIDE AS
MARINES CLOSED IN ON HIM

TWO GIANT TEXAS BOYS
CAPTURED A JAPANESE
NON-COM AND CARRIED THE
LITTLE NIP IN THIS FASHION



JAP AUTO WRECK: A Marine keeps his gun on a Nipponese automobile that was crushed beneath a palm tree, felled by an American shell in the U. S. assault on Guadalcanal island. Japanese had much valuable equipment on these islands.

dugouts except from one direction. One man had to crawl while continuously exposed to deadly fire. And no dugout was wiped out until all the Japs inside were dead.

"Many times we held dynamite and hand grenades until the last possible second before tossing them into the dugouts, only to have the Japs toss them back."

One doughty sergeant found the Japs tossing bombs back as fast as he threw them in. When a stick of dynamite was looped gracefully back and splintered his leg, he took off with a roar of rage, ran at the dugout entrance, his tommy gun spouting flame, and killed four Japs who were shooting at him with automatic rifles. Eight other Japs lay dead inside the one small limestone cave.

Action similar to this exploded all over the cave-ridden islet. The Marines came up against a strongly defended hill, honey-combed with machine gun nests and mortar emplacements. Withering fire from pillboxes and dugouts held up the Marine advance for several hours. The battle was finally joined at close range, with Marines crawling up rock slides or sneaking down steep cliffs to trap Japs concealed in caves and drop hand grenades into cliff holes.

Not one of the estimated 600 Jap fighters on Tulagi allowed himself to be taken alive. They all had to be blasted out of each position. Their defense was built into a chain of armed dugouts intercommunicating by radio, and with no means of escape to the rear. Only the Japanese Intelligence Department knows the exact number killed there, as all but a few defenders were buried in the caves by T.N.T. blasts the Marines were forced to use to liquidate them. Wreckage of dugouts was piled high with bodies, sometimes as many as 30 or 40 to one cave. Marines soon found it unsafe to approach these graveyards, for the Japs had a nasty trick of playing dead until their enemy came

within range, then letting him have it, although it was certain suicide.

By dusk of that first day, the islands were only partially taken over, and a violent tropical rainstorm set in. Scores of Jap snipers and riflemen were hidden in rocks and jungles. At 2130 they attacked and broke through two companies of raiders, isolating one of them, and forcing one amphibious battalion near the shore to evacuate on two minutes' notice. All over Tulagi in the inky, slippery jungle night Marines and Japs fought hand-to-hand, without rules or mercy, often without weapons. Knives, rifles, grenades flashed and thudded; men died in the dark with a groan. All the tricks the Raiders had learned through painful months of training found use that night, as well as a few not in the books. A lieutenant guarding eight men met Jap attackers head-on, pushed them over a hundred-foot precipice. Marine reserves on the beach hurriedly grabbed rifles, bayonets, pistols and rushed to stamp out the rampant Japs, even lighting fires on dead yellow bodies to smoke out snipers lurking in jungle ambush.

BATTLE OF CRICKET FIELD

By 1500 the next day, August 8, Tulagi, main objective of the landing party, was under U. S. control. For days, however, isolated Jap snipers were being knocked off, even in areas thoroughly combed twice by patrols. One Jap was still firing from cavern depths although he had been without food or water for two days, and was surrounded by corpses. Three cornered Japs fired until they had only three rounds left for one pistol, then killed themselves rather than surrender.

Final battleground on Tulagi was the old English cricket field, heavily pillboxed by Japs whose idea of the way to fight wars and subjugate people is certainly anything but cricket.

It was no tennis match on Gavutu either. Here the Marines suffered their

most severe casualties, ran into an inferno of Jap opposition right from the start. Even before the assault wave had formed the Japs opened fire from their hill fortress. The attacking Marines had to clamber on to a wharf higher than their boats, swept by machine gun fire.

Major Robert Williams leading the front wave, was badly wounded, and his place was taken by Capt. George Stillings. The first two waves got ashore, captured warehouses on the beach and dug in at foot of the steep Jap hill, now spitting death like a hornet's nest. The Captain afterwards considered that "if ever the Marines were confronted by an almost impossible objective, this was it. Lord only knows how we captured that hill and cleaned it out. It was a charge straight up a hundred feet in the face of devastating fire."

Every Marine who fought on Gavutu was a hero, but outstanding even among supermen was Major Harry Torgerson, who single-handed, and covered only by rifle fire from four of his men, rushed from cave to cave hurling charges of T.N.T. until he ran out of matches. He used up twenty cases of explosives on these fifty enemy dugouts, losing only his wrist watch and the seat of his pants in a premature explosion.

Another hero was Corp. Ralph Fordice, who mopped up seven dugouts with his TSMG, and dragged six bodies out of each, arranged in a neat line as trophies. Corp. George Brady of New York City killed two Japs with a tommygun, then when it jammed, killed a third with its butt and finished off two more with a knife.

Top honors for patience went to Plat. Sgt. Harry Tulley of Hastings, Neb., who for two days and nights operated as a lone wolf, surpassing the Japs in cunning; picking them off one by one after long waits. By night he sat on the beach watching for tell-tale traces of Japs as they swam inshore behind logs. Once he saw a log float in only six feet away. For eighteen minutes, it was only a log. Then a Jap lifted his head cautiously from behind it. Sergeant Tully shot him.

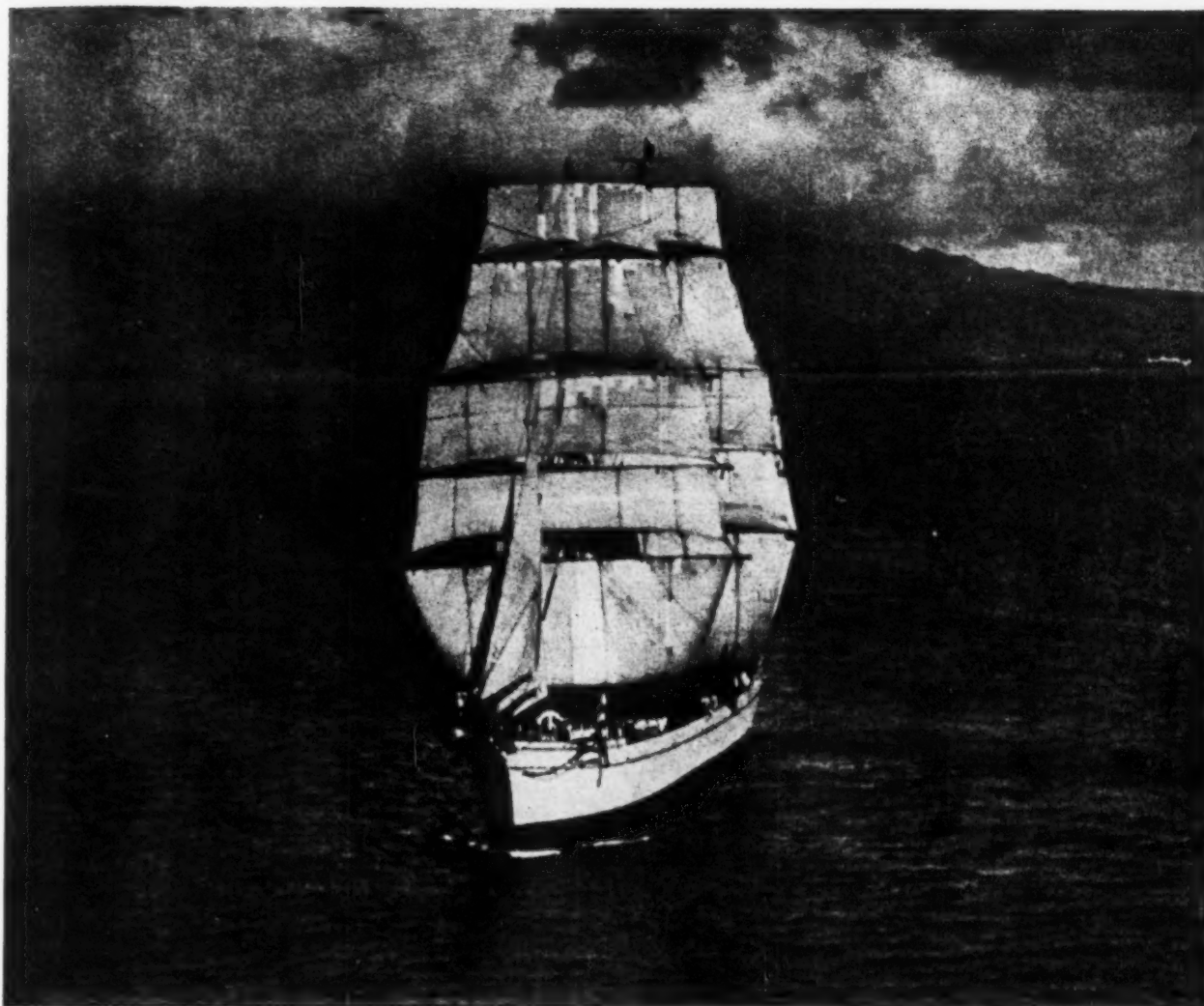
In two days of bitter, bloody battle the Marines cleaned out 1,500 to 2,000 crack Jap troops on Gavutu, capturing only 10 prisoners, most of them too sick to commit hara-kari.

On the first afternoon, even before the conquest was complete, the Marines ran up the Stars and Stripes above the hill-top, pausing long enough to blow colors and cheer the raising of the flag. Then they shot down the Jap flag on Tonambogo, a mile away.

Mopping-up operations continued all next day, hampered by constant arrival of Japs swimming in from other islands, or landing in speedy patrol boats, which had evaded the Navy blockade. The Japs never knew the meaning of surrender. Four of them swam out to one of the wrecked seaplanes, wrenched loose a machine gun and fired on approaching landing parties until they were "located and silenced."

Main business of Aug. 8 was taking of (Turn to page 61)

THE LEATHERNECK



First Marines in The South Pacific

THE lure of foreign duty on a tropical isle, "away from it all" at Uncle Sam's expense, has often been one of the Marine Corps' biggest recruiting arguments. Current action in the Solomons, however, has exploded the old-time dream of peace, coconuts, and hula girls. The South Pacific today is one of the world's toughest battlegrounds—requiring the highest type of specialized fighting, and as such it offers a peculiar challenge to the U. S. Marines.

It is fitting that the Marine Corps should be in the vanguard of United Nations troops in this area, for almost an exact century ago, from 1839 to 1842, Marines and sailors of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition were the first U. S. naval unit to reach these "Islands of the Sun." But the Marines on this detail were looking for no spot of easy duty. Instead they faced the prospect of four years at sea, on a voyage touching five continents, across uncharted ocean

wastes, meeting unknown perils from the Equator to the Antarctic.

The itinerary of the expedition was of special strategic value in light of world supply lines today. Sailing from Norfolk, they crossed to the Madeira Islands held by the Portuguese off Africa, sailed down the African Coast past where Dakar now threatens South Atlantic shipping lanes, and made the jump across to Brazil. After some weeks coasting down South America, they rounded Cape Horn, touched on the Antarctic wastes, and struck out into the Pacific, past isles charted and uncharted. They spent much time in sounding harbors, making weather observations, studying the terrain, natives, economy of the various island groups, which included Samoa, Fiji, Tahiti, Tonga.

NEVER REACHED NIPPON

In short, the main purpose of the expedition was "not conquest, but discovery," as their orders from the Secretary of the Navy read. They were beginning the type of reconnaissance work, laying in of background information, establishing

bases for future contact, which this war has shown to be of such great value. Though by no means "Fifth Columnists," in that all meetings with natives of foreign lands were entirely open and official, these officers, scientists, sailors and Marines of a hundred years ago were the first to extend United States influence into this part of the world, so crucially valuable today.

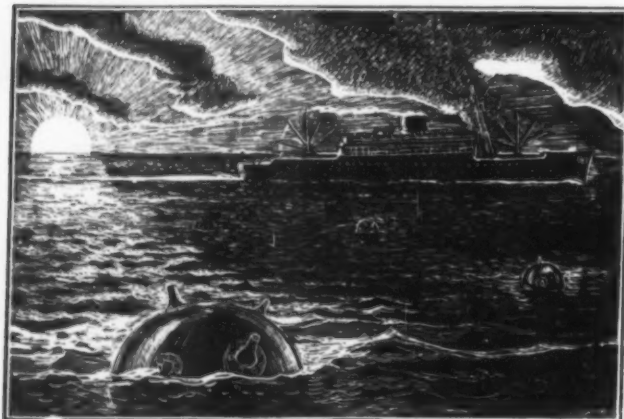
They went on to Australia and New Zealand, which they found then to be crude and slightly inhospitable, and complained that there was nothing to do or to see there. Marines today could tell a far different story.

Likewise different would be the section of their orders pertaining to Japan, which they were instructed to visit with an eye to establishing friendly relations and scouting trade routes to the Philippines (then owned by Spain) and China. They never got to Japan, but did make the Philippines, and carried out instructions which might almost be duplicated today: "On this sea you will make particular examination . . . whether there is any safe route through it which will

(Turn to page 71)

Last U. S. Passenger Ship out of Orient

THE 20,000-mile voyage of the liner *President Madison*, last American passenger ship to leave the Orient, makes for one of the strangest stories of World War II. When the Japanese struck on December 7 (or rather December 8 on that side of the International dateline), the *President Madison* was steaming through the South China Sea with all lights ablaze. The ship's radio had been out of commission all day. The first mate turned on a Pearl Harbor broadcast on his own set, then turned it off in disgust.



"There was another one of them Orson Welles programs," he said to the Chief Officer, "this time they had the Japs bombing Pearl Harbor and Manila."

"Uh-huh," said the Chief Officer, absent-mindedly. He was absorbed in a book.

Forty-eight hours later, the *Madison*, still with all lights on, reached the port of Balikpapan in Borneo and learned that they had been travelling for three days through enemy-infested waters.



This hazardous trip home had started for the *Madison* late in November when the ship was ordered to evacuate the remnants of the Fourth U. S. Marines from Shanghai to the Philippines. The original plan had been for her to continue on to Tsingtao and pick up a small Marine garrison. At the last minute, the *Madison's* sister ship, *President Harrison*, was sent instead. And the *Harrison* fell into Jap hands.

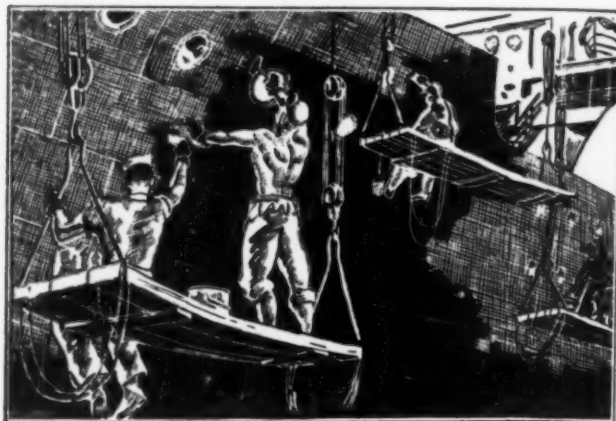
The *Madison* unloaded the Marines at Olongapo, and then set out for Balikpapan just a few hours before the Japanese bombers hit the Philippines for the first time.

At Balikpapan, the *Madison* learned from the Tokyo radio that "they had been sunk by a Japanese submarine in the South China Sea. Crew and passengers, alike, got busy camou-



flaging the ship with grey paint and placing sand bags around the bridge and radio shack.

The *Madison* set out for Surabaya in the Dutch Indies. In the Surabaya harbor, the passengers were remarking on the unusual number of what looked like sea turtles in the water.



When the inspection boat came alongside, those on the *Madison* learned that they had gone through the middle of a newly-laid minefield!

Throughout the rest of the *Madison's* voyage there was considerable bickering aboard. While the ship dodged planes and submarines through the Sulu and Java Seas and the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, the missionaries aboard wrangled over theological questions and a big feud developed between the engine room crew and the deck hands.

When the *Madison* finally returned to New York harbor, a greasy, grinning oiler said:

"Those Bible-banging missionaries prayed the old *Madison* home."



THE LEATHERNECK

FIGHTERS UNDER FIRE



UNDER withering fire from both Axis airmen and home-grown hot-air experts, is the Allison liquid-cooled airplane motor. As the propelling force for six different U. S. fighter models in action on all world fronts, it is one of the war's vital mechanisms. Until last month, Americans thought it was only a question of time, of ironing out production bottlenecks and clearing supply lines until Allison-motored U. S. fighter planes would take over all air battlefields, clear the way for land invasions of Axis territory.

But as the pace of aerial warfare grew hotter the idea of U. S. fighter supremacy backfired in a series of explosions from England to New Guinea. Combat pilots, anything but cooled down by Allison performance, braved displeasure of their generals by stating flatly that current U. S. fighters are no match for the Jap Zero or the new German Focke-Wulf 190. Newsmen reported incidents like the surrounding of one Jap Zero by six U. S. P-40's.

The Zero zoomed straight up, beyond the performance level of the Allison-motored Kittyhawks, and escaped. U. S. pilots manning Spitfires, returning from the great pre-invasion raid at Dieppe in which Germany threw her latest and greatest in fighter strength, mopped their brows and declared themselves "damn glad we weren't out there in P-40's. It would have been mass suicide."

ADOPT RAMMING TACTICS

Top flight authorities in the U. S., faced with these accusations, fell over themselves in print to vindicate the carefully-built idea of American air supremacy. They got out figures to show U. S. fighters had more speed, more fire power, more streamlining. They pointed to the record made by the A.V.G.'s in Burma, to the success of Kittyhawks on the Libya front. They left the public sorely confused as to what to believe about U. S. planes. Were they good only on paper, impressive only in the ads?

It began to look that way as more reports came rolling in. General H. H. ("Hap") Arnold, chief of U. S. Army Air Forces, countered this with a press

THE WARHAWK IS LATEST Curtiss. It is a Rolls-Royce powered P-40F. Change in engine and increase in horsepower has brought the P-40 series up to a reasonable fighting altitude for general use. But armament is not better.

conference statement that "without reservations . . . our equipment is superior in quality and performance."

At this point, calamity headline howlers, argument-loving "experts" and seriously concerned private citizens alike all exercised their democratic privilege to investigate the true state of affairs in the American Fighter Plane Mystery. By the end of the month, a few facts emerged clear out of the steam of overheated opinion.

The facts:

1. U. S. fighter planes now in action are disappointing in performance, reflect clearly the failure of air designers to keep up with latest developments tested in English and Axis planes. The highly publicized Airacobra (P-39) was found wanting on the Russian front: Its delicate landing gear smashed easily on rough Russian emergency fields, its engine de-



P-51 MUSTANG, FIGHTER built by North American for the British, looks like one of the most promising numbers in the U. S. fighter lineup. It was built around the secret NACA high-speed wing. It is held down to the medium levels by its Allison engine. At that level, however, it may be the fastest plane America has ever produced. Its original armament was pretty weak.

veloped "bugs" not easily fixed by unfamiliar Russian methods. Its .37-mm. cannon fired through the nose was too heavy for the light armature. It could not fight much over 15,000 feet, was no match at high altitude for the German Heinkel 113's, to say nothing of the new Focke-Wulf.

Pilots in the Pacific adopted ramming tactics against the more maneuverable Jap Zeros, since after the first blast, they were outgunned and outpowered. Likewise the P-40 was consistently outmaneuvered at higher altitudes. An experienced pilot declared bitterly: "When you fly a P-40 against a Zero, you can make one pass at him. Then if you miss, you had better get the hell out of there." Only superior U. S. pilots' training and flight strategy brought off the American success over Darwin and Burma.

2. Better U. S. planes are on the way. The new P-38 (Lockheed Lightning) is equipped like a Flying Fortress, with turbo-supercharger on its two Allison engines, fights best up around 30,000 feet. In test flights it has shown "dazzling speed, crushing gunpower." What it can do against the Axis Zeros and Focke-Wulfs remains to be seen.

Likewise still an unknown quantity in combat is United Aviation's Great White Hope, the highly touted P-47 (Republic Thunderbolt). On paper this should be the world's best fighter plane. It has everything: speed of over 400 m.p.h., 680 m.p.h. in dives, turbo-supercharger which gives it a fighting level up to 40,000 feet, a Pratt-Whitney radial air-cooled engine generating 2,000 h.p., twice that of most Zero planes. But it is unimpressively armored, lacks firepower, still has many

"bugs" to be ironed out before it can be sent to the world's battlefronts in mass quantities. However, late models, showing eight machine guns, are reported in action over Britain. The P-40 (Curtiss Warhawk), which will operate far higher than its predecessor the Allison-motored P-40. Dark horse of the new crop of fighter planes is the P-51 (North American Mustang), with secret NACA high-speed wing, and Curtiss' super-hush-hush P-46, with which they hope to revive the Allison motor's fast-fading reputation.

P-40 NOW INADEQUATE

But none of these new planes has reached the fronts in anything but experimental quantities. U. S. designers were left at the post last December, when necessity for "freezing" designs—turning out one or two models without change for several months—became evident. All they had to offer was the P-40, now shown too inadequate by current fighting standards. Hundreds of good U. S. pilots have been lost for lack of horsepower, fire power, climb and maneuverability in the planes they were compelled to fly against superior machines.

3. The Jap Zero is not a "wonder plane." It is not even one type of plane, but merely any model turned out in the year 1940, when most Jap planes were built for the eventual attack on the Pacific. 1940 is the year 2600 in the Japanese calendar, and Jap planes are identified by the last two digits of year of production. Because Zeros break up in mid-air when shot down, or break their backs and smash their motors in forced landings, it has been difficult to assemble complete data on the various models. But all

are alike in being extremely fast, maneuverable, heavily gunned. To achieve this, they have sacrificed armor, motor protection, easy repair ability. Wings and fuselage are all one piece, which means no part can be replaced, but a complete new welding job must be done. The gas tank is not self-sealing, as are all U. S. fighters' tanks, and hence is particularly vulnerable to tracer bullets, causing plane to burst into flames as gasoline ignites. The heavy gunload (20-mm. and 37-mm. cannon, .50 cal. machine guns, usually four to a plane) is set to fire through the propellers—a practice abandoned by advanced designers on both sides. It is equipped to operate from either land or aircraft carrier, has an air-cooled (not "in-line," like the Allison) supercharged 14-cylinder motor, generating 1,000 to 1,500 h.p. Though not so powerful as the Allison, its low wing-loading and lighter weight give it greater speed (up to 400 m.p.h.) and maneuverability. It takes off and lands in amazingly short space, has "terrific" acceleration, according to one of Gen. Chennault's pilots, a major who flew a captured Zero for test dogfights. The six foot two inch major had to fly with his knees up to his chin, so small was the cockpit, with a crowded, but handy, array of instruments.

Similar secret test dogfights have been held in Britain between captured Focke-Wulfs and newly arrived Thunderbolts, but the conservative, cautious British are not announcing the results, for "security reasons."

4. The British supercharged Spitfire and Hurricane and the German Focke-Wulf 190 are the world's best fighter planes now in general combat service.

Even U. S. pilots trained to fly the P-40's and P-39's would rather fly Spitfires in the daily dogfights over Nazi Europe and the Mediterranean. And a British expert declares that "Until we put new types of fighters into service in numbers, the FW-190 is the best fighter in action on any scale anywhere." It has certainly raised hell with medium bomber flights and fighter escorts for the past months over Europe, revealing just what was cooking during last fall's long lull in Luftwaffe. Yank pilots complain: Because the Focke-Wulf 190's can climb faster and fly higher they just stay up there till everything is in their favor then dive down, take a potshot at us, and climb up again before we can engage them. The trouble in learning over here is that you make just one mistake and that's your last one." Appearance of old type German planes piloted by Japs over the Pacific indicates that the all-metal, low-wing Focke-Wulf is replacing other types on the Western front, may soon be used instead of Messerschmitts over the Mediterranean and Libya (bad news for Kittyhawks). The fighter situation is thus resolving into a three-cornered design, production and supply race among the U. S. Thunderbolt, the new British Spitfire, and the German Focke-Wulf. Japan, Italy, and Russia have fallen behind in all branches of plane production. Deciding factors in the race for high-altitude fighter supremacy are likely to be an immunity of U. S. factories from attack, control of high altitude by U. S. heavy bombers, pooling of ideas and materials by U. S., British, Soviet designers.

5. The in-line, liquid-cooled motor (shark-nosed Allison type, is used in P-40's, old Spitfires, Messerschmitts) is definitely on the way out for high-altitude fighting, although still highly useful up to 15,000 feet, and in such operations as tank attacks, troop strafing, dive bombing in Libya and China. High altitude models in all countries feature ra-



P-39 AIRACOBRA, Bell's light, Allison-powered fighter, has its mechanically supercharged engine behind the pilot. It cannot fight much over 15,000 feet. It is designed to stay close to ground, with its 20 mm. cannon and its six machine guns.

dial type (called "sunfish" by scornful streamline fans), air-cooled, wheel-nosed, high-powered engines. The Pratt & Whitney Twin Wasp, the Rolls Royce Merlin, the Nazi BMW-801 (made in Munich), are all of this type, incorporating highly efficient fan aids to cooling, and streamlining of cowling. They generate almost twice as much power as the Allison type motor, operate at twice the altitude, show better rate of climb and maneuverability.

FORTRESSES "GOBBLE" ZEROS

There is no substitute for "soup," says an old flying adage: by soup is meant horse-power. Extra "soup" means extra armor, extra guns, extra altitude, extra speed. Unless new models upset the dope, fighter planes of the future will have radial, air-cooled motors of close to 2,500 H.P. Our manufacturers and Germany's are in a neck-and-neck race to put out the most practical high-soup motor.

6. U. S. heavy bombers (B-17 Flying Fortress, B-24 Liberator) are the most deadly flying units in the skies today. Masters of the stratosphere, they have exceeded all expectation in conducting long distance flights without fighter escort. This means high-altitude fighters may never become the crucial factor which they seem today.

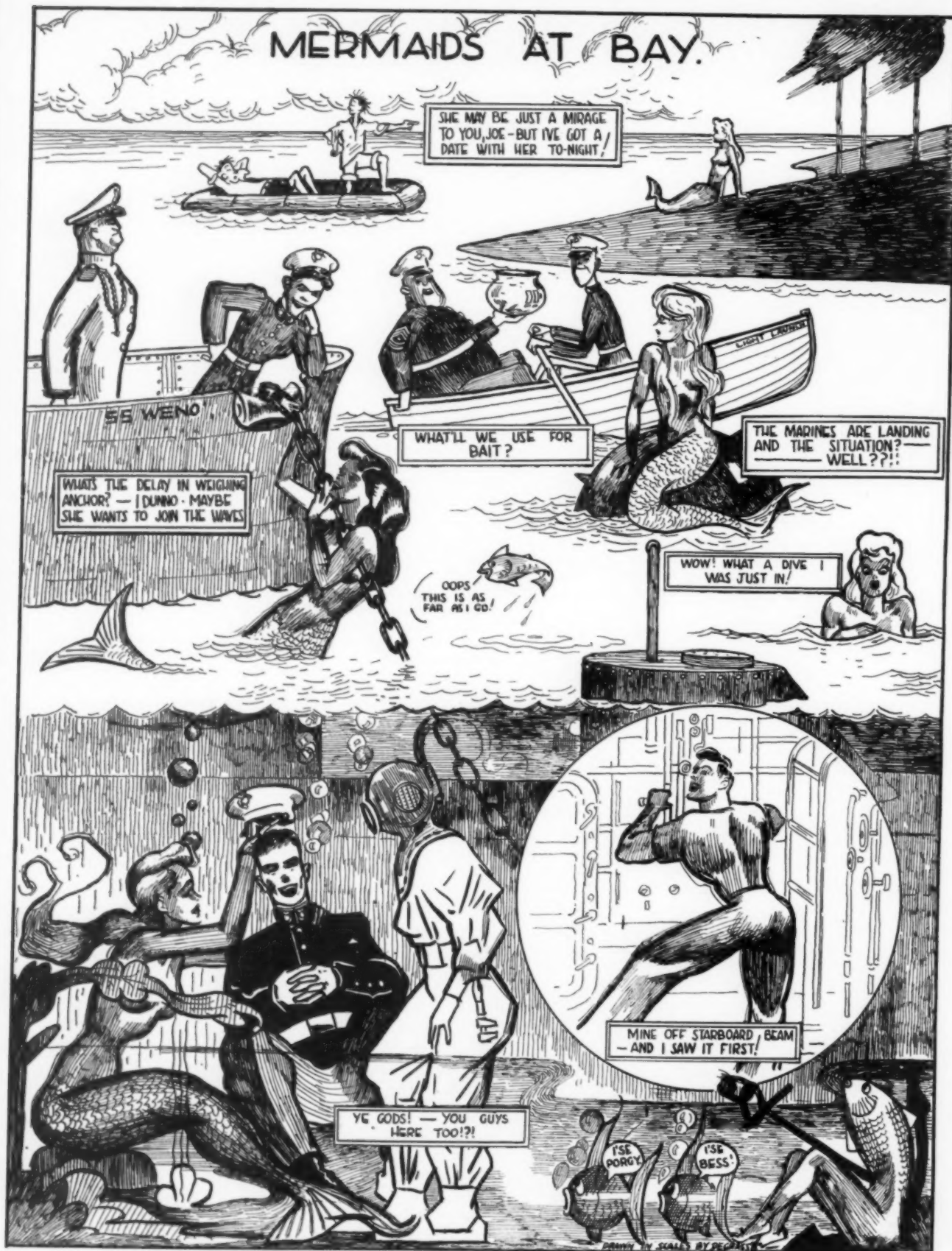
Jap Zeros have proved easy meat for the giant Flying Fortresses, which the British scornfully dubbed "Flying Targets." These four-engined high-altitude bombers can not only outfly but outfight the smaller, more agile Axis fighter planes. Every newscast brings word of a Fortress bringing down, or at least driving off, two, three, or even six Zeros in attack formation. And in recent raids over Europe, four Fortresses were jumped by 25 new Focke-Wulfes and Messerschmitts. The giant bomber forged on, knocked down three, and damaged half of the German fighters. All Fortresses reached base safely, the one

(Turn to page 70)



P-47 THUNDERBOLT, Republic's heavy high-altitude interceptor, is first of army's planes to be equipped with a turbosupercharged 2,000 horse power, air-cooled motor. Now in production, it has not seen much fighting. Much is expected of this plane, although it still needs more armament. Also there are structural problems on the model to be solved, but airmen like it.

MERMAIDS AT BAY.



LEATHERNECKS overseas hear pay call twice a month, just as regularly as at posts in the States. Every unit has a pay officer, in the field or at sea, and is paid in cash usually twice a month at discretion of the commanding officer. In a few countries they are paid in the local currency, but generally it is in U. S. Federal greenbacks. Method of transporting pay money to outlying posts is a strict military secret, may be anything from parachute to submarine.

The Second Brigade Air Force reported March 10, 1929, they had dropped \$18,000 by parachute to hill stations of Nicaragua. The same outfit dropped over five million dollars to Nicaraguan stations between March 1927 and December 1933 and not a penny was lost.

Men on foreign duty rate 20% increase, aviators and submariners even more. So they have plenty to spend if they're near a liberty town that has anything to spend it on. Marines in Alaska, small Pacific isles, African deserts, and Brazilian jungles might just as well join the forced savings plan. There's nothing else to do with it except hold it for stakes.

The boys who can spend their pay, however, in most cases get far more for their money than they would at home. In Australia, food, movies, cigarettes and taxis are one-third cheaper than in the States. Service men in Egypt find taxi rates less than half of those in U. S.; rooms, food, movies, beer are all dirt cheap. Any theatre seat except a box can be had for 32c. Laundry is 30c for a dozen pieces of khaki. Shoe shines are 2c. A medium meal, far heavier than the average American restaurant dinner, runs about 50c, with a dollar the tops in luxurious chow.

Rationing in England and Ireland makes food and liquor hard to get at any price. Beer costs 30c a pint; a shot of whisky (half American size), costs 25c.



Pay Day Over There

Cheap cigarettes set you back 30c; good ones are forty and fifty. The pay-off is 30c for a cup of coffee—and English Joe, at that. Taxis cost 15c a mile, and there is a limit to each cab's cruising range. There is also a five-shilling, or eighty cent maximum on all food purchases.

The British allow about one-third off on travel rates to servicemen, and most hotels give them a reduction of 10%, but this may be changed any day now, due to increased traffic and lodging difficulties as more troops pour into England. Some restaurants and theatres allow a reduction to servicemen, as in New York, but

MEN ON FOREIGN duty, like this lad standing at pay table in tropics, rate 20 per cent increase in pay. Aviators, submarine crewmen, specialists get more.

there is no Stage Door Canteen or USO service.

Difference in prices depends directly on the mysteries of foreign exchange, which the war has thrown into a bad state of flux. Local supply conditions too can send prices skyrocketing or plummeting. In small countries like Newfoundland, Syria, Iraq, where sudden inrush of troops has caused shortage of supplies and general economic upheaval, prices are higher than ever, which is good for the local business men, but tough for Marines on liberty.

But in most other nations, the U. S.' great wealth and financial strength has made the payday dollar more valuable than ever. The Egyptian silver dollar, which used to be equal in value to ours, now is down to eighty cents. The five piastre piece, which exchanged for a quarter, now can be bought for twenty cents. Your payday dollar in Egypt now buys you a dollar and a quarter's worth of poon, to use an AVG phrase. Likewise, the Australian pound, par valued at five dollars, now can be had for four.

Banks and moneychangers are enjoying a big boom in currency exchange, for which they collect anywhere from five to forty per cent, depending on how easy the Marine and how big his rush for liberty. His girl friend and kid brother back home should have some odd-looking coins and paper bills to display on the family mantel before his present cruise is through. Shown on these pages are some of the more typical and valuable

(Turn to page 70)

HERE'S WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO A NICKEL

(Reprinted from Yank)

"Foreign currency is easy to understand, once you get the hang of it. Suppose, for instance, you take 5c and 75c and just see how they stack up against other kinds of dough.

Australia contains, in addition to some of the world's best fighters and friendliest people, kangaroos and aborigines who stand around and grin and don't do much else. A nickel is worth four pence in Australia, and 75c will get you five shillings in a crap game.

The emblem of Canada is the maple leaf, and maple leaves, as everybody knows, can be very pretty in the fall. As everyone doesn't know, though, 5c Yank is worth 5c Canadian, while 75c Yank is worth 85c Canadian. Don't ask us what happened to the other dime.

If you offered to swap even, 5c would get you \$1 Chungking, and 75c would get you \$15. A buck private in Chungking would draw a whole grand for his \$50 per.

In England 5c equals 3 pence and 75c equals 4 shillings.

In New Caledonia a nickel is 2 francs, and 75c is 30 francs.

In Egypt five bright new pennies makes 3 pence, and 75c is four shillings.

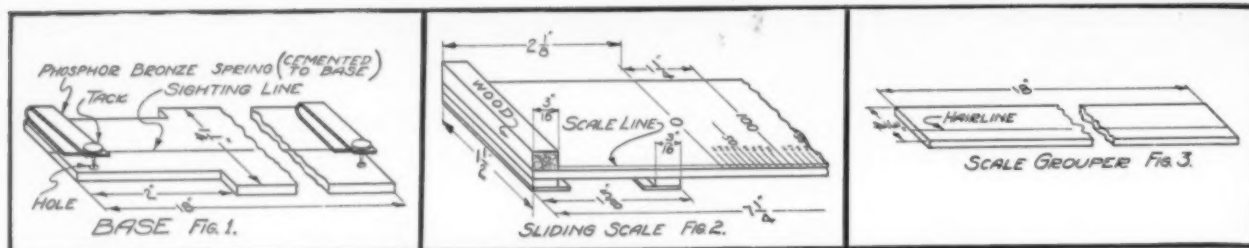
In Eritrea 5c is 2 cents and 75c is four shillings, just like Egypt.

In Iraq 5c is 12 fils and 75c is 200 fils.

In Iran a nickel is 1½ rials and 75c is 25 rials.

In British Guiana five cents equals 5c B.W.I. and 75c is 90c B.W.I.

In Dutch Guiana a nickel is 10c, and six biths makes for 1½ guilders.



The Defilade or Mask Indicator

By OSCAR F. GRAFF

(Editor's Note: The Defilade or mask indicator was designed by Sergeant Graff, an instructor in the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.)

THE defilade or mask indicator is a device used for finding or measuring masks for the contour lines of maps. The device is made of transparent celluloid, about 1/16 of an inch thick. On the device are a number of engraved black hair lines, which are made by inscribing the line with a sharp instrument, then painting on the lines with black India ink. Wipe off the ink and the black lines will remain.

On the base there is cemented, with transparent cement, two springs (fig. 1) and on each spring there is cemented a tack. A black hair line is engraved down the middle of the bottom. Two sliding scales (fig. 2) are required. They are identical except that the graduated scales are placed differently (see fig. 4). A line scale and a graduated scale is engraved on the back as shown. The wooden operating bar and the tracking pieces are cemented to the sliding scale. The scale grouper (fig. 3) has a hair line engraved down the center on its bottom.

To assemble device for operation, place

sliding scales over clearance cuts in the base and engage edges of base in the tracking grooves. Slide the scales over and they will then be secured to the base.

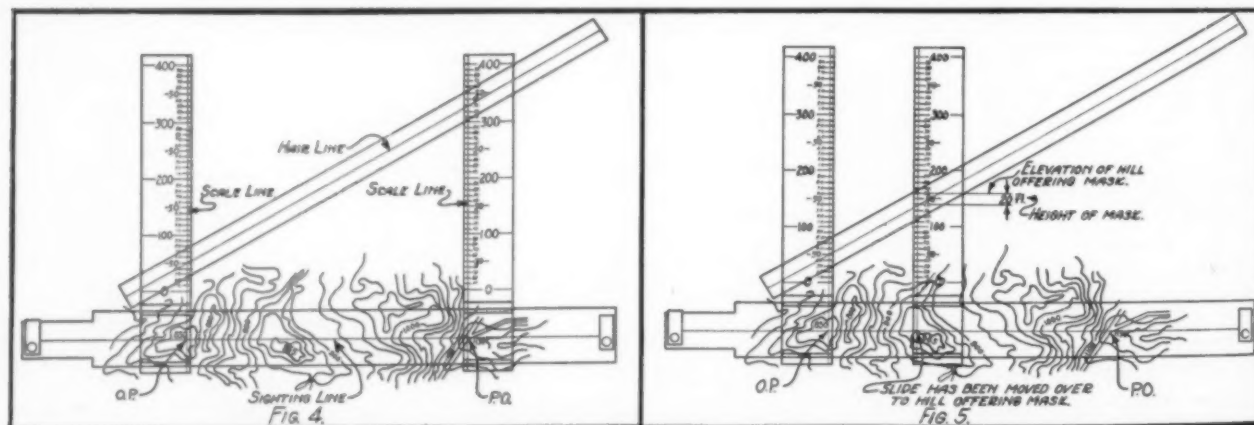
To find a mask lay map on a board. Place assembled device on the map with the sighting line passing through the observation point (O.P.) and the point to be observed (P.O.). Press tacks into map thus securing the device. Move scales so that their scale lines intersect the sighting line directly over the O.P. and the P.O. Place scale grouper under sliding scales and cause its hair line to intersect the scale lines under the graduation reading of the O.P. and the P.O. (Note: the zero line on the scales is considered as 800 feet in this case as shown; thus the 100 graduation represents 900 feet and 330 as 1130. This is due to the O.P. being 80 feet and being lower than the P.O. If the O.P. were 710 feet then the zero line would be considered as 700 feet.)

Now press firmly on the sliding scale which is over the O.P. and the scale grouper, thereby preventing them from moving. Slide scale which is over the P.O. toward the other scale and stop it when its scale line intersects the sighting line directly over a contour line, the elevation of which is believed to cause a mask between the O.P. and the P.O. (see fig. 5). In the case shown the contouring are of 20 foot intervals.) Locate the elevation of this contour line on the scale which is over this contour line. In this

case the graduation is 140 as it represents 940 feet. If the elevation of this contour line is ABOVE the hair line of the scale grouper, a mask is present. If below, there is no mask. The graduations between these points is the height of the mask in feet, or of the clearance. In the illustrated drawings, a mask of 20 feet obstructs the view from hill 850 to the road junction.

When finding a defilade set base with its sighting line over O.P. and P.O. as for a mask. Set one scale so its scale line intersects the sighting line over the O.P. and the other scale so that its scale line intersects the sighting line directly over the contour line offering the mask. Place scale grouper under the proper graduations taken from the O.P. and the contour line offering the mask. Prevent the O.P. scale and the scale grouper from moving by pressing down on them and then slide the scale which is over the mask to the P.O. On this scale locate the graduation corresponding to the elevation of the P.O. If this graduation just located, is under the hair line of the scale grouper, there is a defilade and its height is the graduations between the two points, in feet. If the graduation is OVER the hair line of the scale grouper, there is no defilade, thus the P.O. is then visible.

In the drawings, the O.P. is on the left of the P.O. However, the device can also be worked if the P.O. were on the left of the O.P. Also it makes no difference if the O.P. is higher or lower than the P.O. or vice versa.



GYRENE GYNGLES



SONG OF THE RAIDERS

Down here in (censored),
Right in the (censored) zone—
A thousand miles from (censored)
And ten thousand miles from home.

We've hiked all over the (censored) islands.
We've slept out in the rain.
We've carried guns and ammo
To hell and back again.

We left the shores of (censored)
When the stars were shining bright.
We had orders to raid the enemy
In the dead of the night.

We've landed on the beaches.
We shot or captured every man.
Yes, we are Edson's Raiders,
And situation's well in hand.

—CORPORAL L. A. THACKER.

A MARINE'S MOTHER

"There's the sailor and the soldier
And the aviator keen—
As fine a group of fighting men
As one has ever seen.
But for me I have a soft spot
For the boy in forest green—
The dashing, gallant leatherneck,
The United States Marine.

I will never be First Lady
Nor grace a magazine—
I'll never be world famous,
Nor will I be a queen—
But I would never change my lot
With any that I have seen,
For you see I am the Mother
Of a United States Marine."

—LORRAINE HALL

VICTORY FOR A MARINE!

Orchids from Ralph, who doesn't count at all,
You'd think he'd know how little they are worth
When my heart's with a Boy who heard a call
To keep alive the things we'll always love . . .
A baseball game, a picnic lunch, a show,
And most of all the flag that thrills me so!

Yes, orchids seem a little tame today,
When all my heart and soul are in the fight,
Remembering a Boy who went away,
And said "Goodbye" instead of just "Goodnight"
No, thanks, I'll wait for Victory and then,
I'll want gardenias from my Bill agin!

—ESQUIRE

"THOSE DAMN RESERVES"

Those damn reserves,
Yes, that's what they call us now.
We hear it not once, twice, or thrice,
But every moment, boy, and how.

I know we're not the best they come,
And a troublesome lot we are.
But we are willing to give our life,

On troubled lands near or far.
So take it easy, corporal or sarge,
And be thoughtful of your command.

Yes, we will fight shoulder to shoulder,
For liberty we stand.
Now stop and think awhile,

And cut out all those scenes.
We're trying to show you regulars,
We're proud to be, UNITED STATES MARINES!

—S. J. BOISDORE, JR.

THE FIGHTING MARINES

On the crimsoned fields of Soissons,
Up the slopes of Blanc Mont's hell,
Through the marshes of the Argonne,
And the doom of San Mihiel
The Fifth and Sixth from Quantico
Turned back the German tide,
With youth and fire and courage,
They fought until they died.

There was Paoli from Hester Street,
McFadden from the Yards,
And Little Hopkinson from Yale
Who lost his shirt at cards.



There were Scots and Poles and Hunyaks,
Who thrilled to a fighting man's chance.
Those fighting men from Quantico
Could make the devil dance.

From the Halls of Montezuma,
And sands of Tripoli,
Swell in chorus with the Argonne
Cheer the charge at Tulagi.
Solomon Islands and New Guinea,
Through the heat of Guadalcanal,
What difference where they fight 'em?
They will give the devils hell!

ADAPTED FROM "ROAD TO VAUX."



That Quartet I Can't Forget

BY BRYAN J. BARNETT

MORE power to them, boys—the good old songs of yesterday, of today, and forever. Ideal for amateur harmony (and morale)—they bring out the best that's in us. Good clean fun—an inspiration on moonlit nights—thoughts of home: Inexplicably they pluck at the heartstrings of both listeners and renderers. Sing them again "In the Evening by the Moonlight." No cocktails necessary—most of these songs you already know.

First we must go back to not so long ago—to Quantico, Virginia, Fall and Winter of 1917, when that camp was new.

Nightly "Sings" around the barracks of the First (Provisional) Replacement Battalion, U.S.M.C., Major Ralph Keyser commanding, soon brought a group of us into closer harmony.

For many nights we shot the works, including "Beautiful Katy," "Li'l Liza Jane," "My Wild Irish Rose," "Tipperary," "Back Home Again in Indiana," "That Old Gang of Mine," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "I Want a Girl," and others equally as harmonious.

There was Sergeant Miles of San Francisco, lead; Private George Young of Salt Lake City, baritone; Sergeant Dutch Robbins of Riverside, California, basso; and yours truly, falsetto.

Later we learned some new numbers, such as "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous" and "Madelon!"

We sailed in February, 1918, on a seized German luxury liner, renamed

the U. S. Marine transport, "Von Steuben." After an uneventful but ever watchful crossing, we steamed into the estuary at Brest on George Washington's Birthday, 1918. During the trip we sang (at night) in the forward well deck in muffled tones, with lights out—but still we sang—the same old songs.

The submarine didn't get us then. The Navy was on the job. In fact they didn't get *any* American transport with troops—over 2,000,000 troops—over 700 shiploads went across without *any* sinkings of troop transports.

BARITONE GOES FIRST

What's the answer? The good old American Navy was always on the job. Attention, Navy! An old time Marine salutes you!

So—what happened? Nothing much for three months, I answer, except more and better drilling and training at Chattillon, at Grandchamps, at Vitry le Francois, and at Gisors, and still plenty of singing—at the old Napoleon Barracks, Pont à Nezon (Shades of Smedley Butler!), on the roads of La Belle France, in the box cars, in the Cantonments, at the end of a thirty mile hike—always there was a spot for a song.

And then came Belleau Wood, and George Young stayed there for a while—maybe later his body was shipped back to the States—but no more baritone.

Miles stayed at Soissons likewise—no more lead.

Dutch Robbins lasted as long as San Mihiel (September), and he got an eye shot out, but maybe he got back to the States (I'd like to know). But, still, no more bass.

The writer got nicked a couple of times—at Belleau Woods, and at the Champagne, but luckily always got back for more.

We couldn't sing or even smoke in the Argonne in November—the Heinies were

THE QUANTICO QUARTET learned some new numbers in France, including "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous," "Madelon."

all around us. But on the evening of November 11 we piped up again—with a couple of Heinies—singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and "Ach der lieber Augustine!" It was "Finis la Guerre" at last.

Then we couldn't sing any more on account of we got the hell hiked out of us every day for thirty days down the Moselle Valley up to the Rhine.

The story is that we had to zigzag on account of maps and whims and such. But still we had to make a daily 45 kilos penetration to keep up with re-treating Heinies. So we hiked maybe 55 kilometers, some days. Better skip the



THE LEATHERNECK

rest of the trip—you turn in at midnight—the kitchens aren't there, they can't keep up. Your feet are killing you—you can hardly get your shoes off.

Reveille at 6:00 AM—your feet are so swollen you can't get your shoes on—for a while! The rolling kitchens have just arrived—you get part of a breakfast, then force on your shoes and you're off. You die again about noon and are subsequently resurrected in a dim nowhere.

We finally get to Deutschland "uber alles," cross the Rhine, and hold up at Segendorf. We recuperate, and finally become something resembling human beings again. Most of us weighed around 130 pounds on arrival and we half starved for another month.

LOST: ANOTHER LEAD

Then the food started coming in. And we started to sing—"That Old Sweet Song," "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," "The Little Marine," and "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous." Then our new baritone, Gunnery Sergeant Skinny Phillips, succumbed to extreme exposure induced by strenuous efforts during and after the capture of a barge-load of contraband "schnapps." The new lead got a G.C.M. for forgetting the war was over and getting tough with a couple of Heinies.

We didn't have a very good bass. And he got promoted to Top Sergeant and went high hat. Yours truly never was a soloist. So, once more no quartet, no songs, and everybody grouched.

I had some other good pals there but they couldn't sing for sour apples.

We found it very easy to get in a scrap—somebody would look cross-eyed or part his hair wrong, or speak out of turn, and—socko!—somebody got choosed and the battle was on.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels came to camp one day to make a speech. And he stayed over-time for close harmony singing. But time passed, and 1919 came around and we were still in Germany. So there wasn't so much singing any more—not cheerful singing, anyway. We began to feel that we were marooned in Europe. It was a big let down after the elation we had felt over the Armistice.

You couldn't find much of an audience for your singing in Germany. Those people would just stare at the "howling Americans." They weren't in the mood for music.

We got our return orders out of the Bible, I think. "The first shall be last," or words to that effect. Anyway we beat the good old First Division, which was the last home, by a mere two weeks.

We arrived in New York in early August, 1919. That grand old man of the Marine Corps, of all time, General John Lejeune, asked us if we would parade in New York as a last request from him. This we gladly did, though we had previously turned the proposition down, by

popular vote, on the transport, when it was presented as routine.

I don't remember any singing on the "George Washington" among the troops. It was pretty crowded—the whole Fifth Regiment aboard between decks and numerous females—French, German, and American—in the cabins. If President Wilson had been aboard that trip they would have had to jettison at least two Marines to make room for his jaw. There wasn't even room to sing, but we were glad enough to be going home.



WE LOST OUR NEW lead. He got a G.C.M. for forgetting that the war was over, getting tough with two Heinies.

We arrived at New York and went to Camp Mills. After a day or two came the parade.

We sweated blood on the parade deal, but most of the gang took it like good sports. Reveille at 3:30 AM at Camp Mills—a quick breakfast of "coffee and"—and then the trains to Hoboken. Then milling around the ferry and across—hiked up through the New York slums during the early morning hours and assembled on all the side streets in that part of town near the Victory Arch on Fifth Avenue.

HIKE IN MANHATTAN

The "Big Parade" stepped off at 8:00 A.M. through the Victory Arch and up Fifth Avenue. Three squads abreast and combat packs—bands, confetti, people, and sweat, cheers, and occasional groans from the marchers marked our progress. Noon came and more sweat, but no chow.

We sang "Madelon" and "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous" and "Over There" until about 52nd Street. And then singing became a little strained.

Anyway, it was strained for me. It wasn't like singing with that old quartet I can't forget. It would have been better if George Young was marching along beside us handling the baritone. And if Miles had been there for the lead, and Dutch Robbins for the bass. Sometimes, there in the bright New York sunshine I felt a little like a ghost. And the old songs had a ghostly sound. (Perhaps, when this war is over I may be standing on Broadway watching another Big Parade—and, still, the songs will have a ghostly sound. The kids, likely, will be singing "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" or "The Three Little Sisters," this time.)

Three o'clock came and we had made about 130 blocks—at about 140th street the parade was officially declared over. But we were late on our schedule so we doubletimed some (was it twenty?) blocks to the Fort Lee Ferry.

Anyway all things finally come to an end, and we realized one bright day that we had arrived in Quantico and were "on the way out."

When will this day come, again? "Quien sabe!" But believe me, boys, it'll be quite a memorable day in your life—no more drill—no more ducking bombs and heavies—no more burial details, reveille, over the top, or—(let's stop here—you know the rest).

We hung around a couple of days while the company clerks made out the discharges, payroll, etc., no duty (skip the parade in Washington). We started to sing again the last night—"In the Evening by the Moonlight." A conglomerate group of singers and audience under the Virginia moon. Taps came and went. So did twelve o'clock midnight. So did morning and we all got paid off—and went Home. . . .

The Ballad of Top-Sergeant Jerry McDougall McGee

BY ALFRED I. TOOKE

I

YOUNG Marine Top-Sergeant Jerry McDougall McGee,
(As a Private he once was awarded K.P.)
Came 'scathless ten months through the
hottest of scrapping,
Came home—was discharged—then the
'flu caught him napping.
In spite of his nurse
He grew rapidly worse;
Died!

Rode in a hearse—
Was met by a devil and taken below
To the place where his buddies had said
he would go,
And was met at the gate by old Satan
in person,
Who somewhere had heard a remarkable
version
Of what his new subject had done in the
First World War
Including some things that below he'd
been hurled for
Committing).
While sitting
Conversing with Satan,
A devil-in-waiting —

(His Majesty's Chief Special Torturer),
came

Entirely enveloped in sulphurous flame.
Said he, with a smile:

"Come with me for awhile,
Mister Top-Sergeant Jerry McDougall
McGee,

To some infernal regions no mortal may
see.

Why, up there on earth you guys just
saw the best of it!

You come with me, and I'll show you the
rest of it.

Commencing instanter, the real Hell
you'll see!"

"The REAL Hell!" repeated Top-Ser-
geant McGee,

"Well, I'm from Missouri! You've got to
show me!"

II

They turned on the heat
To get him warmed up a bit;

Brought red-hot cactus—

Allowed him to sup a bit;

Boiled nitric acid,

And gave him a cup of it!

But Jerry just grinned!

Then his escort conducted him down a
long stair,

To a huge melting pot, where a shimmer-
ing glare

Denoted SOME fire;

And they turned on the draft, to

Get heat that they'd have to

Obtain so 'twould bubble!

(They sure took some trouble

To fan up that fire so the stuff in the pot,
Would be what Top-Sergeant McGee

would call HOT!)

Then they dropped Jerry in, just to see
if he'd sizzle;

They turned him around

To get evenly browned;

They kept him a-toasting;
They kept him a-roasting—
And when they considered him done to
a frizzle,

They threw him a rope,
Which he quietly ignored.

Then Jerry—(to show his *sang-froid* he
was thirsting)—

Sat down on a huge swelling bubble,
which, bursting,



Propelled him quite neatly up on to the
landing

Where the Chief Special Torturer *et al*
were standing.

III

Said Jerry: "I hope
That you're not all as bored
As I am—for really, I fully expected
A much better Hades than this you'd
perfected!

Why, over in Turkey when fighting the
Turk,

We all found it very much hotter to work
Compared to this stuff—

This Germanical bluff!—

Now come! show me something in this
so-called Hades

That's worthy of soldiers—not weak,
pampered ladies!

Then the Chief Special Torturer, grind-
ing his ivories,

Swore Jerry would soon wish he'd ne'er
been alive or his—

(The Chief Special Torturer's)

Name would be mud,

And his Hades a dud!

"The horrors of Hell," he said, "may not
be flaunted!

You impudent upstart, you'll not stay
undaunted

For long!

Soon your song

Will change in its tone

From a jest to a moan!"

This the Chief Special Torturer swore
by his beard,

As with thick white-hot pokers he had
Jerry seared;

But they still were unable to make
Jerry jib,

Although this new torture continued *ad*
lib,

For in the front trenches our hero had
had

Some millions of cooties that bit just
as bad,

So to Jerry 'twas just like the trenches
again,

And he grinned all the more, just to
show his disdain.

IV

Then an active volcano they tapped with
some hose,

And sprayed Jerry over from whiskers
to toes,

And—lest this new treatment monoto-
nous grew—

They played streams of ice-water over
him too!

There were rows upon rows

Of the two kinds of hose

Alternately freezing and parboiling
Jerry,

In alternate spots which our hero
thought very

Unpleasant, at least—

But his grin never ceased;

And soon the volcano stuff petered right
out,

And the ice-water ceased—something
wrong at the spout!

So they gave Jerry respite, to see how
he looked,

For they thought he'd be frozen, or else
badly cooked—

But Jerry was right

On the job, and was quite

In the pink of condition

When this intermission

Occurred, and he told how it was that
he grinned

At the torture they gave him because he
had sinned.

THE LEATHERNECK

Said he: "This is nothing to what I have seen.

Shucks! Many worse terrors in war there have been!

That lava you had
Was just a poor sample
Of things that were worse—
Liquid fire, for example!

And there was that engine one night
on the Somme—

(We hauled ammunition
To a risky position)—

When a low-flying Boche blew us up
with a bomb!

The firebox broke open,
The boiler it burst,
The engine was wrecked—
But that wasn't the worst;

For when she blew up I was right underneath

Burning coals—
Jets of steam—
Boiling water—
'Twould seem

That my two hands were pinned, and I'd
only my teeth

To dig a way out, so it seemed I was
stuck,

And 'twas freezing that night—which
was just like my luck!

Shucks! That little bath that you gave
me just now

Was a mere nothing to it, as you must
allow!

Well, I stayed there for what seemed a
number of years,

Unable to wiggle much more than my
ears;

In spots I was roasting and toasting
away,

And in spots I was freezing! ('Twas a
very cold day!)

Eighteen mortal hours I lay roasting
and freezing

Before I was rescued—and then I was
sneezing,

For I'd caught a most terrible cold in
the head,

And sweated and shivered for weeks in
my bed—

Why, that little bath that you gave just
now

Would fade into nothing beside it—and
how!

So you see, Mister Chief Special Tor-
turer, don't you,

Your Hades is licked! You'll admit it
now, won't you!

You haven't been able to muss up my
grin—

Shucks! This is a hell of a Hell that
I'm in;

But I thank you, old sport, for the bath
that I had,

And I do hope your failure won't get
you in bad."

V

Jerry ceased, and the Chief Special Tor-
turer's wrath

When Jerry had called his chief torture
a "bath,"

Was too awful to see,
For he raged and he swore
In a manner that he
Surely hadn't before

In all his long years as the Chief of the
Pit—

And he knew he had failed and would
soon have to quit—

Be "retired"—

Or get "fired"—

Which latter, in Hell, has a literal mean-
ing

For which he confessed he'd not much
of a leaning,

For, having perfected the methods they
had,

The thought of *him* tasting them made
him quite mad.



He knew what had happened to those
who had tasted!

He'd no wish with molten hot lead to
be basted,

Or fried in a giddle for many long days,
Or pinched with hot pinchers in various
ways,

Or hosed with hot lava, and ice-water
too!

The thought of all this made him feel
very blue.

VI

Then Satan appeared, in his very own
person,

To learn what had happened—and
started in cursin',

Consigning the Chief Special Torturer
down

To the depths of the Pit, till he'd roasted
dark brown;

And various other nice treats he pre-
scribed,

While Jerry sat grinning, and all the
rest jibed

At the Chief Special Torturer gnashing
his teeth

As they pitch-forked him off to the re-
gions beneath.

The Devil asked Jerry to take on his job,
And offered him, for his assistants, the
mob

Of little bad devils who'd tried to roast
Jerry.

Our hero thought this was a joke that
was very

Bad taste; for such work he had clearly
no mind to

Take on, so he very politely declined to,
And as Jerry had had so much hell upon
earth,

The Devil decided it hardly was worth
His while to waste time giving Jerry
some more,

When the very worst tortures appeared
but to bore

This very brave Marine
Who—(as we have told you)—

When tortured, just grinned.

Just chuckled and grinned

In a way that would make any devil feel
sore.

So Satan—who really is quite a good
sport—

Decided that Jerry was not where he
ought

To be, so he telephoned Heaven at once
And offered to trade him for five hun-
dred Huns

They wished to deport—(for in Heaven,
you know,

They'd decided to send all the Boches
below,

And those who were there were then all
being sorted,

And then under escort to Hell were de-
ported).

And from Heaven they answered: "Sure!
Send him along!"

And they went out to meet him with
music and song.

VII

Since then no more Marines to Hell
have been sent,

(For their purgatory on earth has been
spent)

And that's only fair, as I think you'll
agree

With Top-Sergeant Jerry McDougall
McGee,

Who, sent down below, grinned and just
made the best of it,

And was kicked out of Hell 'cause he
made such a jest of it.

INTERVIEWS

THE picture sections these days are full of WAACS and WAVES in uniforms which fit where no uniforms fit before, Newspaper columnists and cartoonists are holding field day on the idea of female lieutenants, curvaceous non-coms, and high-heeled boots, with a few afterthoughts on "Lady Leathernecks" referred to as "the last straw."

Those familiar with Marine Corps history know that in lining up feminine assistants, the Marines rank first as usual. During World War I the Marines enlisted women to take over non-combatant duties such as recruiting and clerical work, thus releasing men to swell the fighting forces. The "Marinettes" enlisted at local recruiting stations for a full four-year cruise, with rank and pay (plus subsistence) the same as regular Marines. They were classed as US MCR(f).

Like their Leatherneck brother, the Marinettes scorned the Navy's women workers, known then as "Yeomanettes," and if it never went so far as hair-pulling, there were some bitter battles waged over lunch tables and locker benches. They were as proud of their uniforms as their gyrene partners; only difference, as pictures show, was that Marinettes wore skirts. (In the old days, "slackers" were draft-dodgers, not broadsides.)

Unlike today's WAACs and WAVES, the Marinettes required no period of special training and adjustment to their new routine, but went right to work without benefit of boot camp, learning their military duties while on the job. If the present "emergency" lasts as long as some observers estimate, we may yet see Marinettes report for duty, and even go through modified Parris Island or New River "shock" training, to keep abreast

of women warriors in Allied nations like Russia and China.

Last war's Marinettes, however, had to stand nothing more brutal than close order drill. Corporal Lillian Sawyer and PFC Ethel Baer of Washington, in interviews for THE LEATHERNECK, have lost none of their enthusiasm for Marine activities in the intervening twenty-five years. Recently they took to task Henry McLeMore, the columnist, for not knowing about Marinette maneuvers in the last war, and are more than ready to pitch in and do their bit if the chance comes today.

These lively ladies were pioneers in the field of women war workers in 1917. It wasn't fashionable then for women to enlist. They had to brave a good bit of social scorn and backchat. Indeed, some of their more timid and conservative sisters looked upon them as Amazons and roughnecks. That didn't stop the Marinettes from becoming one of the snappiest women's auxiliaries any outfit could boast.

Enlisting at the Washington recruiting station, Miles Sawyer and Baer got the usual aptitude tests and physical exams by Navy doctors and nurses, were sworn in and told to report for immediate duty. Uniforms were issued: six shirts and ties, both summer and winter service, two green skirts, three khaki blouses, two pairs of GI shoes, overseas and campaign hats, but no garrison caps. The picture shows how the Marine branch stood by for inspection, far snappier than the Yeomanettes. This uniform was worn at all times on duty.

After taking over their desk jobs, the Marinettes in Washington took on close order drill, and marched every morning from 8 to 8:45 o'clock in front of the Navy Building, with a Sergeant Lockhart as D. I.—lucky man. They attracted a big crowd—everything from big-time politicians to day laborers—and watching them drill was one of the sights of old wartime Washington. No weapons were issued them, however, so they

never learned the mysteries of field-strip-ping. The government evidently figured they had enough in the way of natural weapons and defenses.

Marinettes in Washington worked seven days a week, were extremely busy ladies until after the Armistice was signed, and they could come up for air. Some of them even went overseas in official capacity as telephone operators and interpreters. A total of 408 enlisted altogether, of which 313 served the entire "duration." It wasn't disclosed whether the others were surveyed, went over the hill, fell in action, or just got married. All Washington Marinettes received the D. C. medal (not to be confused with the DSC) at a July Fourth ceremony in 1919.

The frank opinion of Corp. Sawyer, who is the only woman member of the Marine Corps League, on the society and college girls of today who are receiving specialized training for the WAACS and WAVES shows what most old-time Marinettes feel about the present set-up.

"We never had to be trained to take over a job. We knew how before we started. If these WAVES and WAACS are going to take over the jobs of men, let them take over now and release the men at once to go where they are needed most. The Marinettes of the last war got their military training while they worked. Let the women in this war do the same."

The Marinettes were demobilized on June 30, 1919, and were kept on as inactive reserves until their cruises were completed.

The Marinette version of the famed Marines Hymn, widely sung in World War I and recently revived in several news columns, runs in part as follows:

**"From the Halls of Montezuma
To the Shores of Tripoli
Get to sleep, my little baby,
Or I'll land a punch on thee.
Admiration of no nation,
You're the worst I've ever seen.
Yet Mother glories in the title
Of United States Marine."**



MARINETTES (ON LEFT) are pictured in final parade and inspection after close of World War I. Yeomanettes are shown on the right. The young man in the center, holding the straw hat, is Franklin D. Roosevelt, then assistant Secretary of the Navy.

GIST

OF THE MONTH'S NEWS

TRENDS

ALLIES STAND FAST ON ALL FRONTS except Stalingrad, Caucasus, make gains in China, Egypt, Pacific. United guerrillas toss ants in panzers; U. S. Liberators blast Axis supply lines on four continents.

STIRRING VICTORIES IN SOLOMONS, STRONG LANGUAGE from home leaders, buck up U. S. morale; public prepares for Congress-cleaning election, tight-belted winter with heavy rationing, forced labor, fixed prices and profits, sky-high taxes, strict bans on travel, luxuries.

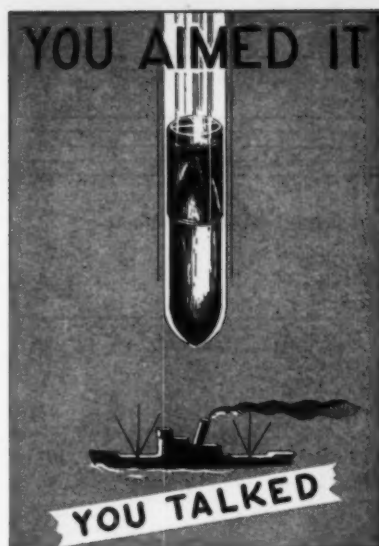
WORLD-WIDE MANPOWER SHORTAGE calls all men into armed service; women, boys, old-timers to take over all possible duties; "business as usual" gone like miniature golf.

SECOND FRONT TALK DWINDLES, so action may be near, following Churchill-Stalin talks. Chances are against its coming in France: watch Spain, Dakar, Norway. Russians bitterly take Stalin's word they won't be left in lurch.

BRAZIL DECLARES WAR, BACKED BY ALL SO. AMERICA, bringing million tons of raw materials, valuable bases, manpower to United cause.

VICHY AGAIN "RELUCTANT" AT THE CROSSROADS. Hitler demands cutting of ties with U. S., hand-over of French fleet. By this time, who cares?

SUPPLY SHIP SINKINGS DROP SHARPLY as RAF bombings, Caribbean spy-hunts cut off Nazi sub-outfitting activities on both sides of Atlantic. Shipbuilding tonnage this month almost equalled ship sinking, but we are still far in the red.



Over 400 supply boats sunk since Dec. 7, over 2,000,000 tons of shipping, irreplaceable war machines, materiel lost to United fighters because **SOMEBODY TALKED!**

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

The \$8 Question: If Stalingrad Falls, Is Russia Defeated?

A few more victories like this, and Germany will be defeated. Altho the loss of Stalingrad is a body blow to Russia, it cost the Nazis far more than it was worth: an estimated half million men, a thousand planes and tanks. To replace these, Germany must lash up production in already overworked, overbombed factories, keep clear a thousand miles of vulnerable supply lines. Meanwhile Russia, still getting material via Iran, Murmansk, Africa, still fighting with every man, woman, child of

one of the world's greatest sources of manpower, still has giant factories behind the Urals, on Siberian frontier, is even increasing plane production (7% higher last month). If England, U. S., send men as promised to hold South Caucasus oil fields, gateways to Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Hitler hasn't a prayer for final success. Loss of Stalingrad and cutting of Volga River route would be like losing Chicago, the Mississippi, and all points east. But there would still be the West: the prairie farms and factories, the mountain mines, the desert airdromes, the giant dams, the fighting pioneer stock. Hitler should have learned by this time that Russia is too big, too tough for any one army to swallow.

The \$32 Question: What's Cooking in the Mediterranean?

This is undoubtedly the front burner in all Allied plans for winter campaigns. British fleet at Gibraltar, U. S. troops massed in Mid-West, Rommel's Afrika Corps stalemated in Egypt, Commando and Liberator raids increasing off Greece, anti-Axis revolt flaring in Balkans: these are small earthquakes heralding violent eruption. Remember, the Mediterranean has Europe's best winter fighting weather, and don't be surprised if the Second Front turns up here sooner than you expect.

The \$64 Question: Have We Started to Win Yet?

You have had the answer to this from Donald Nelson, Elmer Davis. Allies are still on the defensive, have regained only six small Pacific islands, handful of Chinese towns. Letting the other fellow knock himself out is good ju-jitsu, as Japs well know, but bad war strategy. This championship can be won only on the Axis home grounds.

UP & DOWN WITH THE WAR NEWS



The \$16 Question: Is the Jap Retreat in China the Real Ming Toy?

No question but what Jap forces, united and advancing, could drive Chinese back to Changsha and Chungking. But the "China incident," which sounded the main theme in Japan's symphony of empire, is now second fiddle. Tojo must figure war-torn China the weakest threat to Tokyo, must count on enemy planes being based even closer—in Siberia. Recent political gas pains resulting in Tokyo cabinet shake-up, ejection of peace-with-Russia man Tojo, shows clearly Tojo is waiting only for fall of Stalingrad, dividing of fighting Russia, to stab at Siberia. Jap withdrawal in China, defeats in Pacific, also show clearly lack of manpower to hold supply lines and maintain offensive on more than one front. The retreat in China is an admission that the Japs have bitten off more than they can chew.

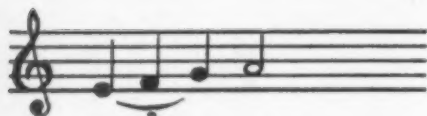
JAP NAVAL LOSSES

Definitely Sunk Dec. 7th to Sept. 14th

Battleships	2
Aircraft Carriers	7
Cruisers	25
Destroyers	40
Submarines	29
Transports	90
Other Naval Vessels	65
Merchant Ships	89

347

THEME SONGS FROM WORLD BATTLEFRONTS



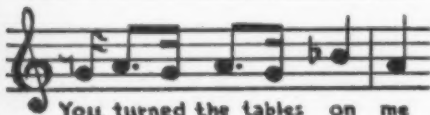
Sand in my shoes

EGYPT



BACK IN THEIR OWN BACK YARD

Hitler's "Desert Fox," Rommel, is full of tricks as a country-fair con-man. Last month he tried flanking Egypt's defenses in the Qattara Depression, the world's worst desert. British colonials gave Rommel the bum's rush, flashed a Commando raid on Tobruk, while U. S. bombers pounded Axis supply lines with time-table regularity. Tobruk was "the milk run." Next month they may run commuters' specials to catch Rommel, reported sick in Italy, while Hitler's young Afrika Corps still have to play in their own fouled-up backyard.



You turned the tables on me

CHINA



WORKIN' ON DE RAILROAD

Chiang's army bowled merrily along the tracks from Changsha toward Nanchang, taking back from retreating Japs miles of hard-won rail, invaluable bomber bases at Chuhsien, Kinwha, a supply port at Wenchow. It had cost the Japs plenty to win this ground last summer. Now they were giving it back almost without a struggle.

Jubilant Chinese didn't stop to ask why. In one month they were regaining all of summer's losses, moving on to threaten the great Jap held centers of Nanking and Canton. Gone was Nippon's dream of an all-rail supply route from Shanghai to Burma. Gone was Tokyo's freedom from China-based air-raids.

Gone too were Chinese fears of another bomb-ridden starvation winter. Supplies were coming through by air-ferry from India, U. S. bombs were driving Jap raiders out of bases in Occupied China. Over Chekiang Province's newly won, newly planted Good Earth, American "Sky Dragons" were making sure that next year's rice crop would be harvested by Chinese home-steaders, not by tenants from Tokyo.



The Ran-gers, man to man

DIEPPE

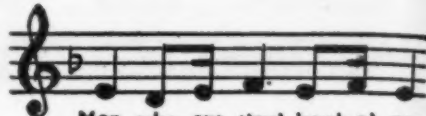


DRESS REHEARSAL

The Nazis said it was an invasion try that failed. The British said it was a new-type Commando raid that succeeded. The American Rangers didn't say anything; their action spoke louder than words. At Dieppe, as in the Solomons, they showed that man for man a U. S. raider can lick an Axis soldier on any terms.

Inside dope: neither side showed up too well. Nazis were tipped off (by coded ad in London paper?). Allies did not have air superiority, lost many planes & pilots. Commandos don't mix with Rangers, are much older, less athletic, more undernourished. Raid was more for show than keeps.

Show business says: Bad dress rehearsal means a good show. The "Second Front Follies" should be a smash hit.



Men who are stout heart-ed men

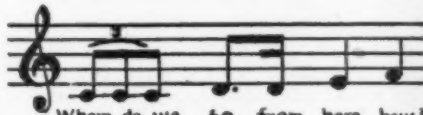
STALINGRAD



THEY SHOT THE WORKS

Hitler told green-eyed Gen. Von Bock: Take Stalingrad by any means, at any cost. Von Bock used every weapon in the Nazi arsenal except gas. Most effective was a hollow wedge of heavy tanks, packed solid with infantry. Those in the center were unable to shoot until the men around them were killed. Against this the Russians strapped grenades around their waists, dove into the wedge.

Those who retreated left Von Bock nothing but ashes and a half million dead. A hundred million live on with greater hope because they died.



Where do we go from here, boys?

ALEUTIANS

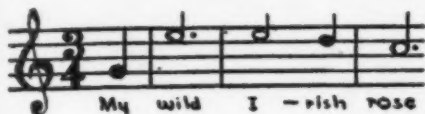


WHICH WAY TO JUMP?

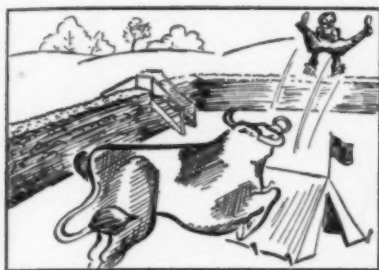
Jap Aleutian toe-holds are taking a lacing from U. S. subs & bombers, losing 8 ships, 500 men in single day's raid. Fact remains, they are still blocking U. S. supply lines to Russia, bomber route to Tokyo. Somebody will have to move soon; neither side is winning present set-up.

THE LEATHERNECK

BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR ACTION—PAST & FUTURE

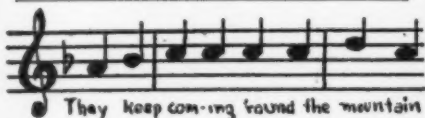


EIRE



IRISH BULL SEES RED

And white and blue. U. S. troops in Belfast are reaping the whirlwind of nine centuries of Irish hate for Britain and her allies. After movie theater popular with Yanks was bombed, sniper bullets fired at jeeps, doughboys accused of everything from rape to riot, most of Ulster and all of Eire were declared out of bounds. Irish are determined to stay neutral because it hurts England, resent U. S. effort to drag them into war. *Johnnie Doughboy's Irish rose* has plenty of thorns.



NEW GUINEA



OVER THE HILL

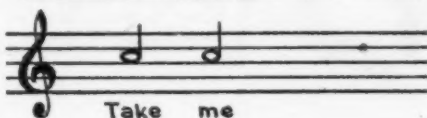
95 years ago, HMS "Rattlesnake" touched on a huge savage island in the So. Pacific. Her commander, Capt. Owen Stanley, gave his name to the dim ridge of volcanoes down its backbone, thought them "permanently impassable."

Last summer, the Jap octopus also touched on New Guinea, sucked up bases at Lae, Salamana, Buna, waved an airy tentacle over the mts. toward Port Mores-

by, United outpost only 2 bomber-hours from Australia. Aussie & U. S. airmen promptly nipped this at the tip, feverishly fortified Port Moresby, held air superiority as far as Rabaul in New Britain.

Beaten in the air, the Nips took to the ground. As in Malaya, Burma, they donned green war paint, scattered into steaming jungles. Secure behind Owen Stanley's "impassable" volcanoes, United troops waited confidently, until Aussies guarding the one known trail were flanked and surrounded by Jap patrols. The little green men had again passed the impassable.

Same week, Japs grabbed a dozen more islands north of Australia. "Down Under" isn't out from under yet.



DAKAR

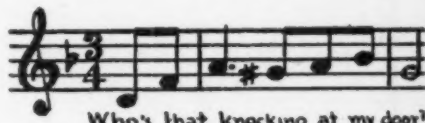


AFRICAN GRAB BAG

The spotlight is on the Dark Continent now that U. S. air ferry lanes shoot munitions, food, fuel from Brazil to Mediterranean & Russian fronts in days instead of weeks. If Hitler could cut this flow of life-giving materiel, he might yet win this war.

Best place to grab is festering Vichy port of Dakar, suspected U-boat base, no longer port of call for United planes, which swing 200 miles wide to avoid fire from "neutral" Vichymen.

Dakar's undercover activity last month came out in the open. The interned French fleet began firing practice salvos; boiling over lost Madagascar, troops held maneuvers. Vichy, too weak to tackle U.S. alone, may start a fight, yell for Uncle Adolf to come finish it.

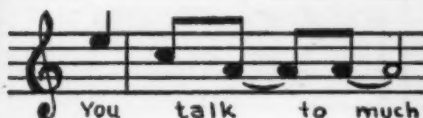


SPAIN

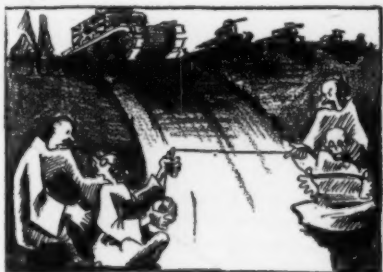


SERENADE TO A ZOMBIE

In the bloody civil war of 1937-38, which was Hitler's testing ground as China was Japan's, Spain's throat was cut. Four years later, under Dr. Franco's care, she is still little better than a walking corpse, wants only to be left alone. Yet this haggard old zombie is being wooed against her will by forceful Adolf, the Aryan lady-killer, blundering John Bull, well-meaning Uncle Sam. Reason: Spain offers most open "second front" approach to Hitler's Europe. Spain's suitors may crash the gate any day now.

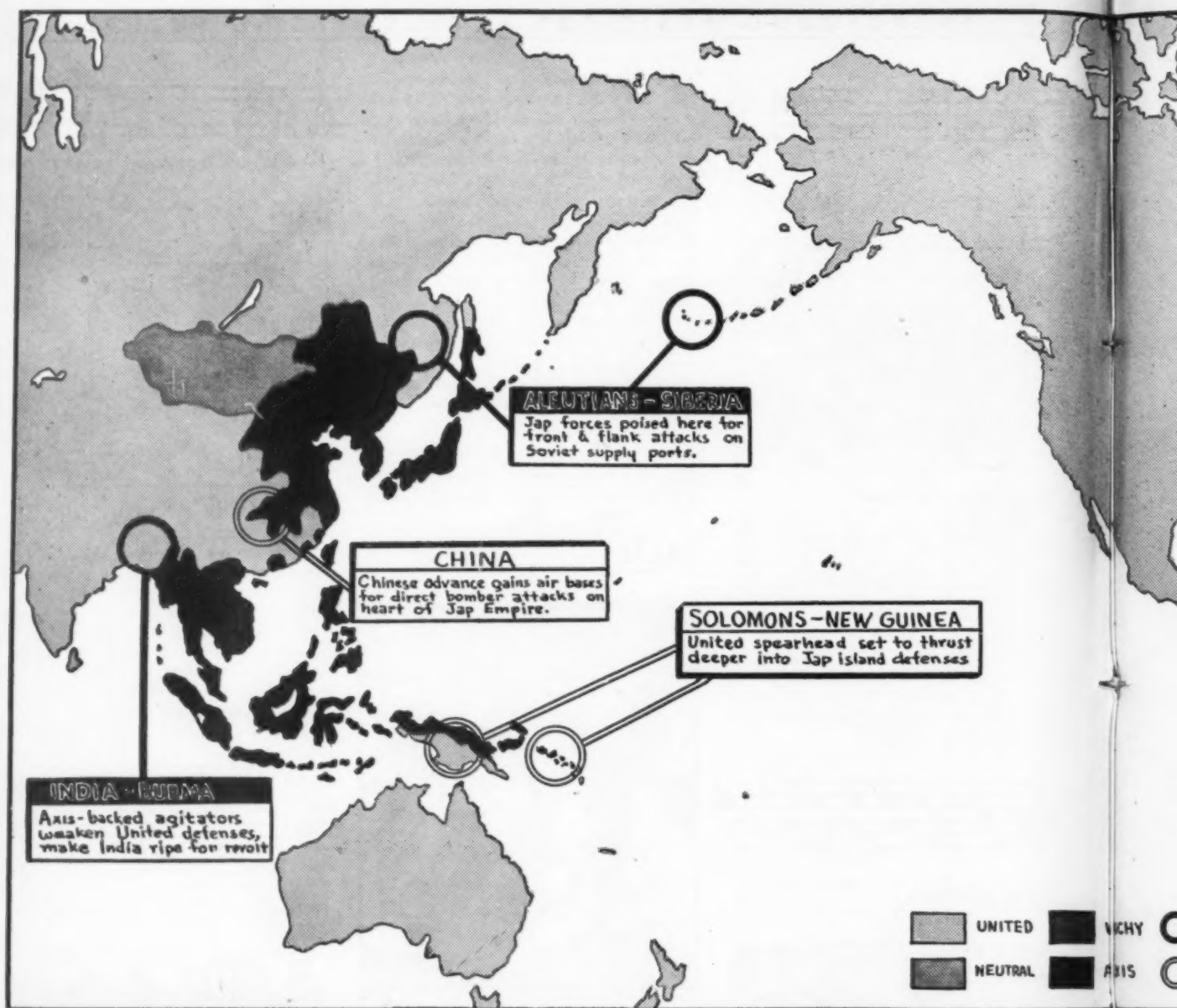


INDIA



THREAD vs. TANKS

Gandhi, Nehru & Co. were still spinning yarns, deciding who should rule "free" India while Japs massed ominously on frontier. Britain cannot afford to turn India's treasures over to green "rice-soldiers" (1,000,000 volunteers who joined to eat, have no real military spirit), yet cannot spare her own troops. Jap 5th Column is defeating British without actual invasion. India's fate hangs by a thread.



WHAT SECOND FRONT?

Even a quick glance at action centers on the map above shows that there is only one front, and it stretches all the way around the world. Bombs are falling, ships are sinking, men are dying in one great world-wide struggle from Stalingrad to Sitka, from Norway to New Guinea.

Where the new "second" front will come depends on what you call the first front. To Soviet Russians it is the Caucasus—except for the hundred thousands in besieged Leningrad, the million guerrillas along the 1500-mile Moscow front, the 500,000 troops on the Siberian border. To Britons, it is the Mediterranean—except for the thousands of Imperials in India, Iceland, Iran,

the RAF Channel front, the Commandos in Norway. To Australians it is New Guinea; to the Chinese it is the Changsha railway. To Americans it is the Pacific, from Solomons to Aleutians. To Vichy France it is anywhere Hitler drives his latest bargain.

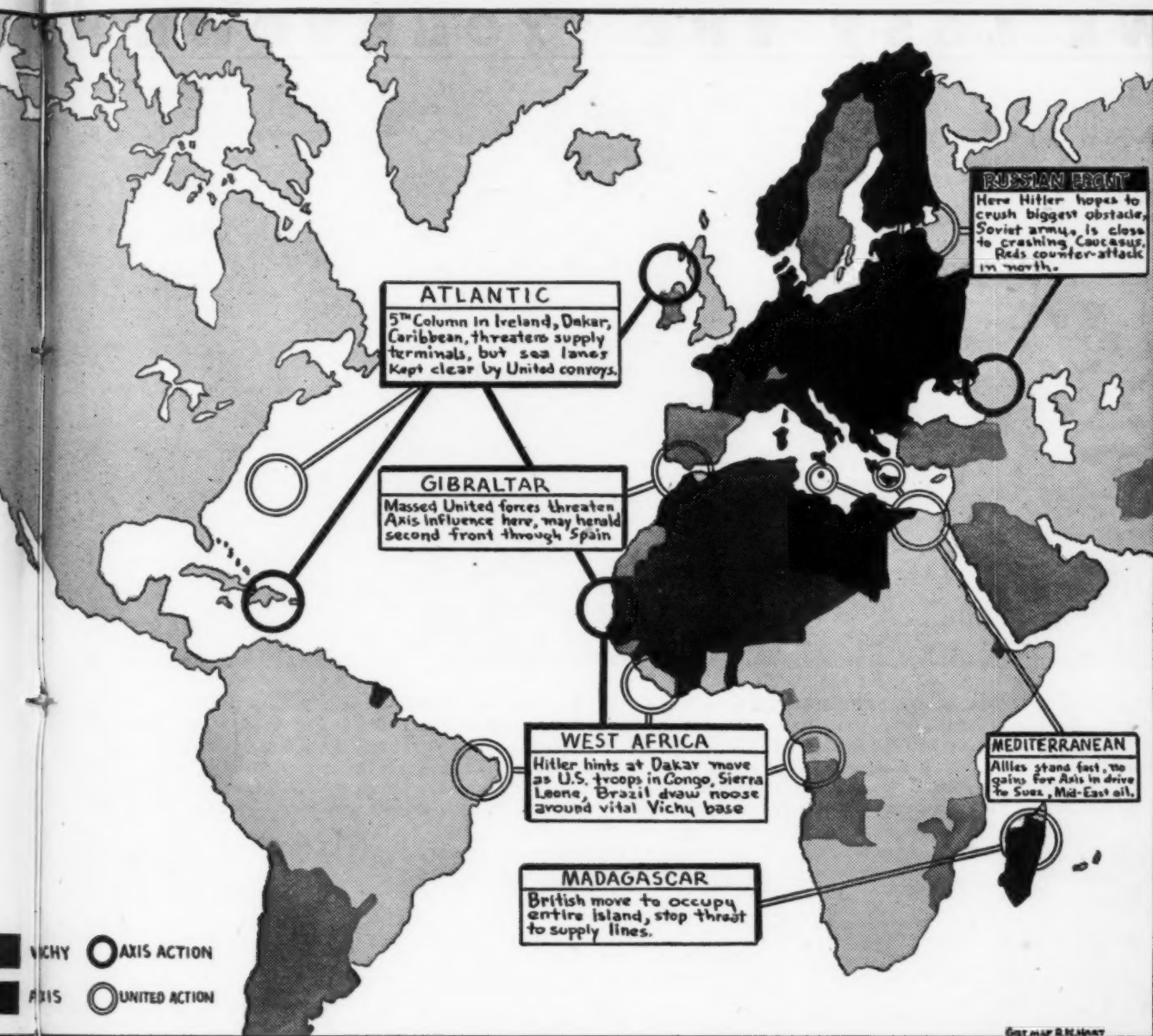
To each citizen, as to the leaders of every United Nation, it means something a little different—a fact which has slowed Allied activities into a series of round-table conferences instead of straightforward action. United Command has been pictured as a "Headless Victory," a scatter-brained giant matched against a tribe of ruthless pygmies. But each fight across the oceans, each world-wide "fireside chat" or man-to-man pow-wow, like the Stalin-Churchill talks last month, the Willkie good-will tour to the Mid-East, the recent

royal visits to the White House, clears the vision of the fuzzy-minded democracies. Soon now, we'll all be fighting for the same thing. Then it won't matter who is in command—Marshall, or Wavell, or Eisenhower, or Chiang Kai-Shek. The great Allied armies will be united in more than just name, and nationality will be a matter of choice of slang.

This is the real second front, this race between opening the eyes and uniting the efforts of the world's great peoples, or leaving them blinded and shackled for generations to come.

To most followers of the war news, "second front" means an attack on Hitler's rear line, anywhere from North Cape in Norway to Gibraltar in Spain. Actually, any operation which distracts Hitler or

THE LEATHERNECK



Hirohito from their main object of cutting up the giant fruit-cake of Soviet-Chinese territory, is a second—or third, or fourth—front. So the United attacks in the Solomons, the Mediterranean, Scandinavia, and the French Invasion Coast have really been defensive measures, aimed at slowing up Axis offensives until the Allies can master sufficient strength for the big push.

So far they have not been enough. The Nazis, harried on both flanks and rear, have still enough power to push ahead across the Volga, into the Caucasus, tho the other arm of their famed pincers strategy lies temporarily paralyzed in Egypt. Japan's withdrawal in China is really the first step in an attack on Soviet Asia; Jap outposts in the Aleutians stand fast, a threat to both Russia and Alaska.

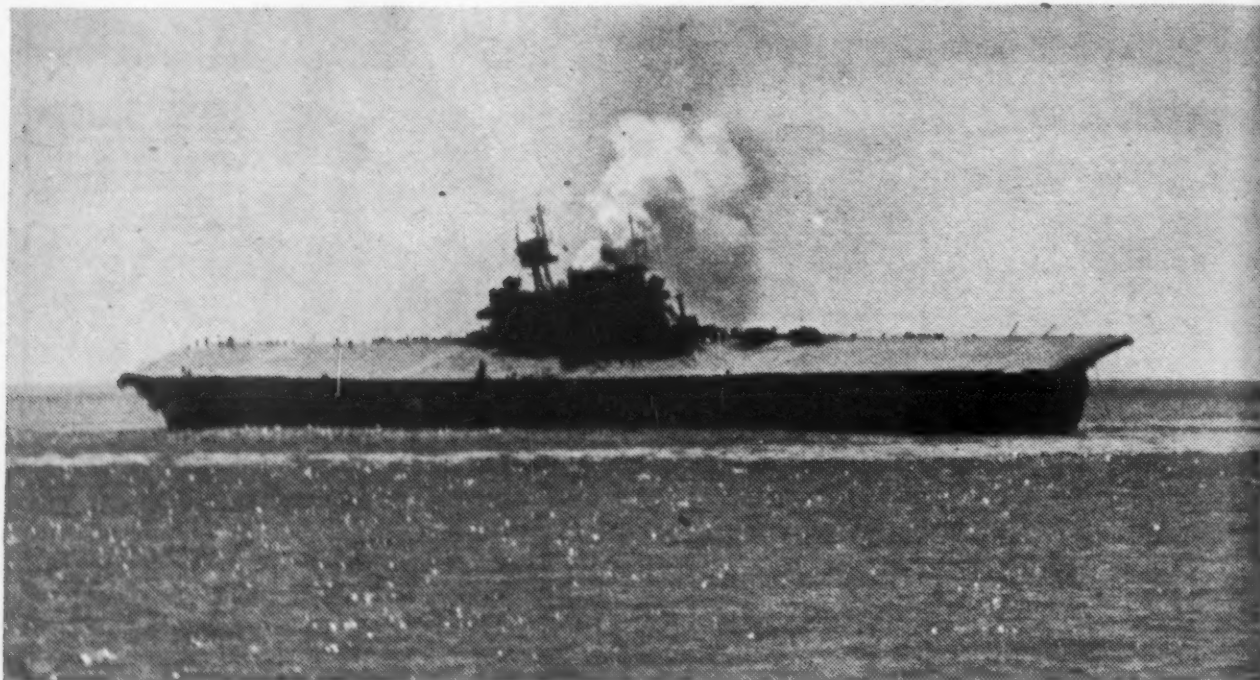
In New Guinea, the little men are creeping up on Australia's northern coast. In Burma, massed yellow troops have dried off their monsoon-soaked equipment, wait the go signal against India or South China.

Gen. Hata, Jap commander in China, gave the tip-off in a recent broadcast: "The East Asia war is about to take an important step in cooperation with the European war," plus hints that Yamashita, conqueror of Malaya and Bataan, had been shifted to a new post. Japan now has 750,000 veterans facing 500,000 Budenny-trained Russians on the Siberian frontier. They are waiting to see whether Stalin will move any of these crack Eastern troops to bolster Stalingrad or the Caucasus, as he did before at Moscow. Russia also has an estimated 200 submarines

at Vladivostok, over 1,000 available planes at strategic air bases which could be used by U. S. heavy bombers to attack Tokyo the minute Tojo's tanks fire the first shot. It's a difficult dilemma for the honorable flower-arrangers: which way to point the muzzle. It's going to be more difficult with every passing month. Originally the Axis blitzkrieg blitzed on four main cylinders: 1. Air superiority. 2. War production superiority. 3. Greater mobilized manpower. 4. Co-ordinated plan of attack.

United Nations have already knocked out the first two, seem set to knock out the others by end of 1943. Only the complete collapse of Russia can stop the coming of not one "second front," but dozens, wherever United troops with united purpose choose to close in, clean up on Axis.

WE LOST THE "YORKTOWN"



SMOKE BILLOWING FROM HER SINGLE FUNNEL, the wounded "Yorktown" lies on her side after bruising assault by Japanese aircraft near Midway last June 4. Two days later, sneak sub attack finished her off. Tokyo radio repeatedly reported her sunk; U. S. Navy first flatly denied it, then fell silent. Official reason for keeping loss of "Yorktown" secret was to confuse Japs as to

how many carriers were still active in Pacific, upset their plans for Solomons operations. But "secret" was generally known in some U. S. quarters, almost certainly in Tokyo Intelligence GHQ. American public resented being kept in dark for three months, but still trusted Navy censors, hoped they knew what they were doing. "Yorktown" announcement may pave way for news of other losses.



"YORKTOWN" WAS SECOND BIG U. S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER loss; USS "Lexington" was sunk in Coral Sea in May. Japs have seen many more such scenes as burning warship above, have lost at least seven carriers, four more damaged, are believed to have fewer than ten still in service. U. S. has five.

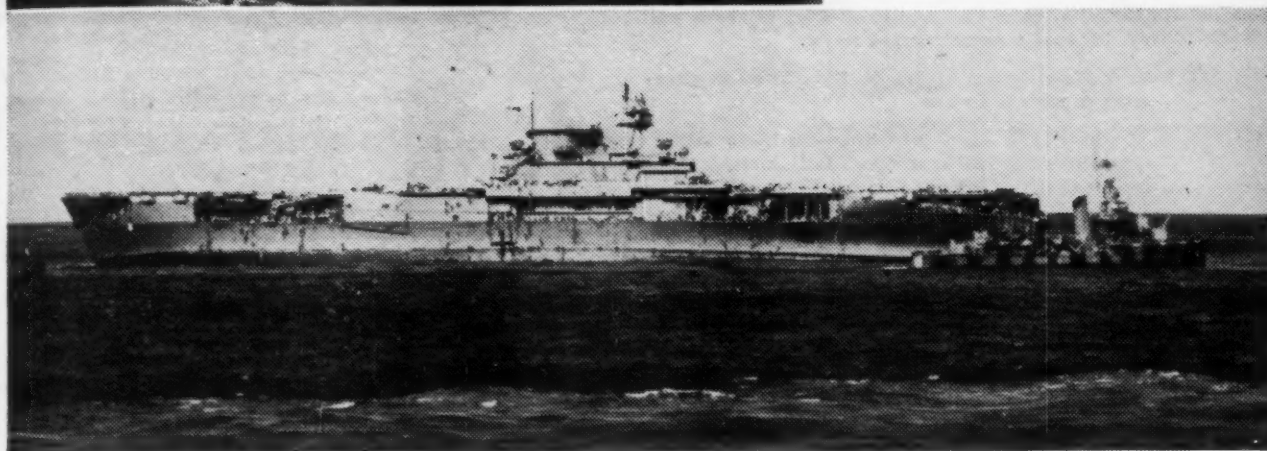


ON THIS BATTLE-SCARRED DECK, listing heavily to port, Jap planes tried to land by mistake during Midway night melee. All but one were shot down. Same deck took on planes, men from USS "Lexington" after Coral Sea battle, was cleared of planes and stripped for action in 5 minutes after Midway alarm sounded.

THE LEATHERNECK

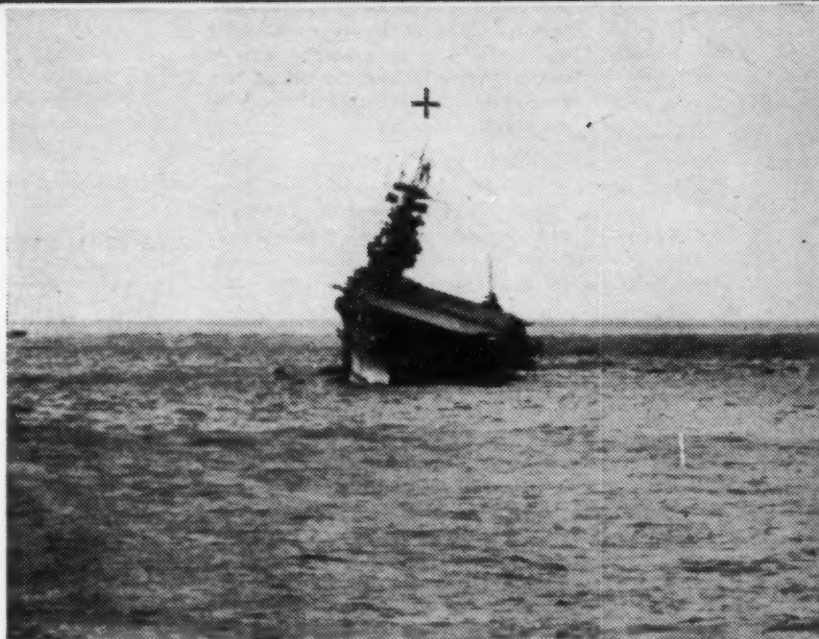


"YORKTOWN'S" FIGHTING CREW examines damage done by Jap dive bombers, torpedo planes, prepares to abandon ship. Navy hoped to salvage the 19,900-ton carrier, but while she was being towed to port, Jap sub got in 2 fatal torpedo hits, ended "Yorktown's" 6-year career. At same time her escorting destroyer, USS "Hamann," was sunk. Jap sub, badly crippled by depth charges, probably did not make port. Jap torpedo planes which inflicted initial damage came in "just skimming top of waves . . . tough to get a bead on," strafed men on carrier's deck. Of first wave of 18 bombers from Jap carrier "Hiryu," only 4 escaped, after scoring 3 direct hits. "Yorktown's" planes immediately sighted in on the "Hiryu," sank her within next few hours. Japanese carriers under attack are deserted by destroyer escort, left to fight it out alone, hence crushing Jap carrier losses at Midway. About 275 Jap planes were destroyed altogether by U. S. fighter pilots and gun crews.



ABANDON SHIP—All but salvage crew were ordered off the stricken carrier. In picture above, men are clambering over side, taking to boats, to be picked up by waiting tugs and destroyers. American sailors and Marines swimming in the oily Pacific, 100 miles from Midway, lost no part of their nerve or sense of humor, thumbing every passing object for a lift, yelled "Taxi!" at busy whaleboats picking up survivors. Capt. Elliott Buckmaster, commander of the "Yorktown," saved a negro mess boy at risk of his own life, towed him to safety, then swam back to his men on the life raft. Total U. S. losses in Midway battle were 92 officers, 215 men. Japs lost an estimated 4800 men, much "face."

WITH TWO DESTROYERS standing by as funeral guard of honor, the "Yorktown" slides to her grave. Cross is not aerial monument, but navy photographer's marker. The "Yorktown" needs no monument in the minds of fighting Navy men.



BLOW BY BLOW: WHITE-HOT ACTION BEHIND THE BATTLEFRONTS

Aug. 19—11 strikes in Louisville cost U. S. a bomber per hour; Akron tire workers slow work to a standstill; 475 Chrysler men stop construction in AFL-CIO dispute.

Aug. 23—169 Brazilian officers and soldiers lost in 3 ship sinkings by U-boats; Brazil declares war on Germany, interns thousands of Axis aliens; all South America supports Vargas' stand.

Finland, India, Vichy stand fast against Allies; Iraq, Turkey, Sweden continue anti-Axis sentiment.

Aug. 24—Ship launchings: new cruiser converted to aircraft carrier USS "Independence." Victory ship built in 35 days at Portland, Ore., convoy vessel built in part 1 mile above sea level, 1,200 miles from ocean. Coming up next week: World's largest battleship, USS "Iowa," new heavy cruiser, USS "Boston." 100,000 merchant seamen needed to sail 2,300 new ships in 1943.



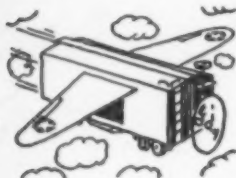
Aug. 26—USMC glider corps now open to all Pfc.s or above, under 32, with 8 months' active service.

Duke of Kent, brother of English King, killed in plane crash en route to Iceland.

Aug. 27—U. S. planes bomb Crete and Greek Axis bases, British Commandos raid islands off Greek coast, blunting Axis spearhead toward Syria.

Aug. 28—Typhoon in Japan leaves 30,000 homeless; earthquake in Axis-held Albania levels whole villages; bombs in France, Holland, Denmark, Norway maim hundred Nazi sympathizers; floods in China rout 300,000 guerrilla fighters.

Aug. 29—Henry Kaiser, West coast shipbuilder seeking govt. help for giant cargo planes program, is accused of buying steel at "black market" prices, impatient of delay caused by priorities red tape and political interference. Howard Hughes, millionaire movie and airways promoter, acts to supply private backing for "flying box-cars" program, denied govt. funds by conservative bigwigs.



Aug. 31—Epidemic of suicides fills Paris cemeteries as Vichy rounds up Jewish masses, deports them to slave labor for Germans. Nazis reported shanghaiing 18,000 a day from all over Europe. Sabotage grows in rail-yards and factories; as Europe faces another starvation winter under Nazi "New Order."

Sept. 2—U. S. Marines and soldiers parade in London before 100,000. AEF service men jeered in Irish streets, as tension mounts between Axis-backed IRA bomb-throwers and United supporters in Eire. Britain observes day of prayer tomorrow.



2250 New York taxicabs must "hibernate" for duration to save gas and rubber. Washington cab drivers go on strike against poor traffic regulations and cab restrictions. Nationwide speed limit of 35 miles per hour proposed, already enforced in Nat'l Parks and reservations.

Sept. 3—United Nations planes rain destruction day and night on all parts of Germany. Reds bomb Berlin, Budapest. RAF sweeps over Poland, blasting supposedly "safe" war-ship centers. U. S. Flying Fortresses knock shivers into French aircraft workers. 600-plane flights roar ceaselessly over France, Ruhr. Estimated 500 factories knocked out in 1942; 1,000,000 workers made homeless.



Sept. 4—U. S. subs knock off 99th Jap ship; Axis subs take beating in Atlantic (29 lost this month); British claim to have made good all Royal Navy losses in 3 years of war.

U. S. Army fliers knock down Focke-Wulf in first dog-fight over Iceland. War Department declares U. S. has better than 2 to 1 advantage in Pacific air duels. More than half million troops already abroad, millions more to follow. Airmail to all points outside North and South America restricted to 2 oz.



Sept. 5—Following Churchill inspection of Libya front, where he stripped off baggy "siren suit," dropped sheik's white umbrella and went for a swim with British Tommies, FDR sends Wendell Willkie to boost U. S. stock in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, China. W. W. keeps shirt on.

Sept. 9—Naval losses: Naval transport "Wakefield" (formerly "Manhattan") burned to charred hulk at sea; 1,600 passengers and crew rescued without loss. USS "Blue" lost in Solomons action; USS "Ingraham" lost by collision in Atlantic fog. Another United cruiser reported sunk in Pacific besides Australian flagship "Canberra."

Sept. 10—Congress passes, with much fuss, bill permitting service men absentee voting without poll tax registration. No putting over another Prohibition Act while our backs are turned this time.

Soviet guerrillas penetrate deep in the heart of Norway, wreck Nazi rail line, blow up munitions dumps, kill 100 Germans.

Sept. 11—Draft age lowered to 18 in bill now before Congress, affecting estimated 3,000,000 boys. Total army of 12,000,000 needed to win war, experts say. Married men with dependents not to be called until next year. 1-B draftees reclassified into either 1-A or 4-F, depending on fitness. Early standards lowered (illiterates, syphilitic now accepted) to make replacements for men physically fit for fighting. Most men between 20-30 to see combat action. Five million women may be in war jobs by end of 1943. 250 more WAAC's graduate at Des Moines. Women's Ferry Transport unit already formed.



Sept. 12—Mystery bombing of Oregon coast by unidentified plane, probably launched from Jap sub. Aim was to start forest fires, aggravate bottleneck in lumber industry, already forced to work 48-hour week; no lumbermen may leave jobs without permission.

THE LEATHERNECK

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Free correspondence courses offered to Marines on active duty and to Naval personnel attached to and serving with Marine Corps organizations:

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- MXH Automobile
- MXD Automobile Technician
- MXG Auto Elec Technician
- MXF Automobile Tune-up
- *SMCA Special Auto Engines
- *SMCB Special Auto Chassis
- *SMCC Special Auto Storage Btry
- *SMCD Special Auto Electric
- *SMCE Special Auto Ignition and Starting
- *SMCF Special Auto Maintenance

AVIATION

- MRI Aviation Engines
- MTC Airplane Maintenance
- MTB Aviation Mechanic
- MBB Aviator
- MBC Air Pilot
- MTD Fundamentals of Aeronautical Engineering

COMMERCIAL

- BGF Bookkeeping and Business Forms
- BGR Stenographic-Secretarial

DRAFTING

- DZD Draftmen's
- SDK Junior Mechanical Draftman

DIESEL AND GAS ENGINES

- MRR Diesel Engines
- MRU Internal Combustion Engines
- MRV Gas Engines
- *SMGG Special Diesel Engine

LANGUAGES

- LCQ French
- LHQ Spanish

PREPARATORY COURSES

- IBB 2nd Lieut. Preparatory
- IHQ Naval Academy Preparatory
- BYH Good English

RADIO AND TELEPHONY

- EGE Sound Technician
- EGC General Radio
- EHX Practical Radio Servicing
- EGH Radio Operating
- EGF Sound Picture Projectionist
- EGB Practical Telephony

SHOP PRACTICE

- MIM Machine Shop
- MIN Toolmaking
- MIP Reading Shop Blueprints
- MIU Gas and Electric Welding

ELECTRICAL

- EAQ Practical Electrician
- EAV Elementary Electrical Engineering

ENGINEERING

- GAA Civil Engineering
- GCX Surveying and Mapping
- SGCX Principles of Surveying

HIGH SCHOOL SUBJECTS

- 3 Arithmetic
- 2 Algebra
- 15 Plane Geometry
- 16 Solid Geometry
- 40 Trigonometry
- 7 Calculus
- 52 Spelling
- 17 English Grammar

- 10 Composition and Rhetoric
- 28 Letter Writing
- 31 1st Year Literature
- 32 2nd Year Literature
- 33 3rd Year Literature
- 34 4th Year Literature
- 49 Elements of Geology
- 14 Physical Geography
- 50 Geography
- 41 Typewriting
- 51 Penmanship
- 38 Shorthand, Gregg
- 30 Shorthand, Advanced, Gregg
- 18 American History
- 19 Ancient History
- 20 Medieval History
- 21 Modern European History
- 42 1st Year Spanish
- 43 2nd Year Spanish
- 44 3rd Year Spanish
- 45 1st Year French
- 46 2nd Year French
- 47 3rd Year French
- 35 Physics
- 8 Chemistry
- 9 Civics
- 13 Economics
- 4 Bookkeeping I
- 5 Bookkeeping II

REFRIGERATION

- MSC Fundamentals of Refrigeration
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*These are special short courses without final examinations, for which certificates are awarded.

Enrollment limited to one course at a time. If you are not sure of the exact course you desire, write for further information. Applications from enlisted men must be approved by immediate Commanding Officer. Mail application to:

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Name: _____ Rank: _____ Serial Number: _____

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Date of Enlistment: _____ Education: _____

COURSE DESIRED: _____

Former Occupation: _____

APPROVED: _____, USMC, Commanding.

October, 1942



GOOEY PIPE SINKS MARINE

—but he's out of the dog house now!



SERGEANT FRANKLIN'S pipe was ranklin' the bimbo in back of the boat. "Head for the shore," she gasped. "That briar of yours smells like burning celluloid! I'm getting dizzy!"



OUT SHE JUMPED and off she stalked. And there *he* stood. "Well," said the fisherman, "I see the Marines have landed, but *don't* have the situation well in hand. Get wise, Mister!"



"THAT HANDSOME UNIFORM will win no women till you clean your pipe and switch to a tobacco that *smells* good. Like this here Sir Walter blend of fine mild burleys. Try a load."



PUFF ENDS HUFF. The sergeant took that good advice—switched to Sir Walter Raleigh—and won her back in a sniff. Try this *mildest* tobacco yourself. It smells grand to everyone!

**TASTES GOOD TO YOU...
SMELLS GOOD TO OTHERS**



UNION
MADE

NEW! Ever-fresh
wartime package is
Cellophane wrapped

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

DETACHMENTS



"ARE you there America? This is London calling." We of the **MARINE DETACHMENT, AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON, ENGLAND**, wish to send you our greetings—and all that sort of thing. Incidentally, the "milds" are getting milder, and the "bitters" even more so, but we always have in mind the song, "Chin up, Tommie Atkins."

Having been here for well over a year, we can say that the old detachment has certainly been compensated for all of the little gum-beating things we have had to put up with during the past year. We've been compensated in the way of promotions. To start off with (we couldn't have a better starter), Staff Sergeant George V. Clark, in charge of our motor transportation, has recently been sworn in as a Marine Gunner. Everybody, from the Colonel down, has expressed their genuine happiness in seeing Mr. Clark wearing his bursting bombs. Way Holland and Bruce Russell have received their warrants as platoon sergeants. George T. Allen, Robert P. Ryan, and Lawrence Wayne are now sergeants, while Joseph Bouchie is a chief cook. To Corporal we have Walter D. Pickrell, arroll A. Wright, Joseph H. Leitch, John F. Gilroy, Stuart G. Ross, Joseph B. Cowan, Charles J. Maloney, Charles F. Conkell and Edward J. McCabe.

Whenever we can drive the sheep away from our soft-ball diamond in Hyde Park, we manage to carry out our American Armed Forces in London Soft-Ball League. Of the six teams in the league five of them represent the Army. We encountered a little stiff competition, but like all true Leathernecks, we like it best

Osbourne, the Literal Marine



"PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T have mentioned the art of 'banging ears' to Osbourne."

THE LEATHERNECK

when the going is tough. We came out on the top going through the scheduled games without a single defeat. Our one-man team, in the person of our pitcher PFC Harlan Erie, allowed the opponents to cross the plate only six times, while we sent forty-two men across theirs. Erie was also our leading slugger, with a batting average of .654. The championship line-up was:

Pfc. Thomas Wallace	2b.
Pfc. John P. Higgins	rf.
Pfc. James R. Eikel	c.
Capt. Walter F. Layer	1b.
Corp. Frank V. Byers	ss.
Pfc. Harlan E. Erie	p.
Corp. Francis M. Connolly	af.
Corp. Charles F. Conkell	cf.
Pfc. Dayton D. Cross	lf.
Pfc. Agnew W. Hartley	3b.

As a reward for each victory, the Colonel allowed each member of the team two cans of good old state-side beer. There is some talk about our going up to the northern part of Ireland to play their championship team. We all hope it is true.

On August 7, U. S. Ambassador John Winant invited our Commanding Officer and the Marines who stand watches over at the Embassy, to dinner at one of London's most exclusive hotels. It was the Ambassador's way of showing his appreciation to his Marines. He has on several occasions remarked how proud he was of HIS MARINES. We think the same of OUR AMBASSADOR.—CORPORAL FRANCIS CONNOLLY.

Another report from the **MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. SUBMARINE BASE, COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE.** After an absence of over six months, we figured it was about time for us to sound off.

Boon-docking has been one of the main attractions for us lately. Under the expert guidance of our Officers, we have been crawling through jungles, swimming tropical streams, and all the other maneuvers expected of a Marine down in Panama. Lately a number of Navy Officers have accompanied the Marines and have come back a whole lot wiser???? Enough said on that subject. Now to get into the goings, comings, and happenings, in and around the barracks.

Since the last time we appeared in print a number of changes have taken place in the personnel, and organization. We now have a First Guard Company, and a Barracks Detachment. The Guard Company is commanded by Major Ralph Haas, and the Barracks Detachment is under the able guidance of Major Frederick Lemmer. The Post, as a whole, is commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Erwin Mehlinger.

Congratulations are in order to our CO, Lieutenant Colonel Mehlinger, who was recently promoted from Major. Majors Ralph Haas and Frederick Lemmer were promoted from the rank of Captain. Captains Milton G. Cokin and Charles A. Bloom, from First Lieutenant. Wallace A. Henry, former First Sergeant of this Detachment, was also promoted from

October, 1942

A Delicious Treat Anytime

A Real Help Now!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Freshen up, Marine

Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

Yes, you fighting Marines know how much a little stick of chewing gum can mean when your nerves are tense or you need a little lift.

Chewing cools your mouth. Keeps your throat moist. Helps steady your nerves. Seems to make your tasks go faster, easier.

So chew and enjoy swell-tasting Wrigley's Spearmint Gum every day—ashore or afloat.

W-108

GO LONG ON *Comfort-*
DO YOUR LEGS A FAVOR —
WEAR *Jockey Longs*

YOU KNOW ME!



MILD SUPPORT

The same support features you get in Jockey Shorts are in Jockey Longs, too—both have the famous patented, no-gap Y-front construction exclusive with Coopers.

BUY JOCKEY AT SERVICE STORES—

WARMTH

Jockey Longs provide warmth without weight. The knitted fabric absorbs perspiration and permits the skin to breathe. Cotton and wool mixtures for your choice.



AT MEN'S WEAR OR DEPT. STORES—

NO BIND

Jockey Longs give you sleek, trim, full leg coverage. The streamlined underwear that ended squirming also put an end to crawl, bind, or chafe. Be sure "Jockey" & "Coopers" are on the label.



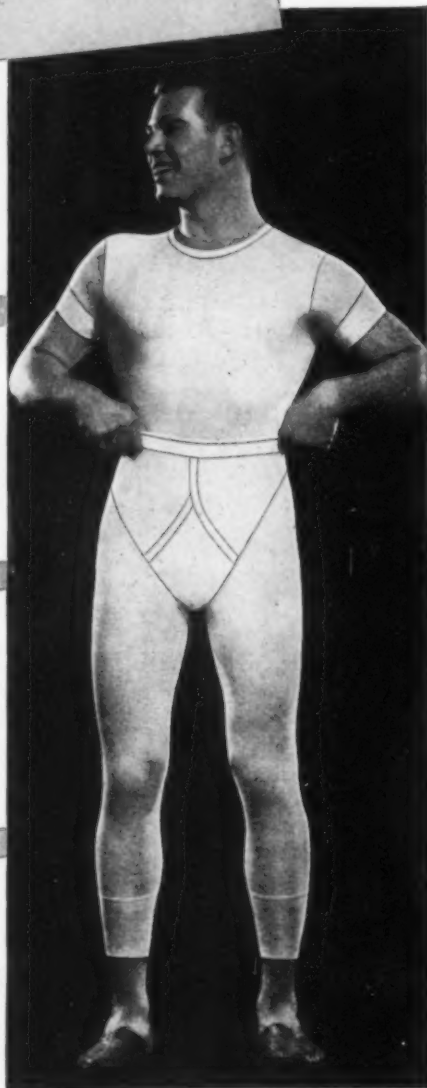
OR HAVE JOCKEY SENT FROM HOME

WASHES EASILY

Dries Before Reveille
Because it is tailored to fit, Jockey's cotton knit fabric washes easily and returns to its natural shape without ironing.



*A—The Source of Support

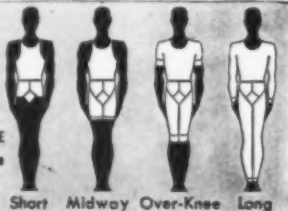


Two-piece—varied leg lengths—contoured shirts to match

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rushin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



Short Midway Over-Knee Long

Marine Gunner to Second Lieutenant. Quartermaster Clerk Lapperriere, E. W., was promoted from Quartermaster Sergeant. We wish them the best of luck, and everything that goes with it.

Ratings of the enlisted personnel have been too numerous to mention each and every rating made, but here are a few of the many made in the last six months.

Promoted from Sergeant to Platoon Sergeant were A. T. Walker, B. O. Downey, D. W. Banks, S. R. Filip, and A. C. Dillon. Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant were B. M. Brack, V. N. Kantz, C. W. Grimes, M. B. Huffman, J. G. Hayden and O. L. Gardner. From Pfc. to Corporal: S. L. Chatlin, E. J. Grossman, H. T. Ripley, M. A. Yelvington, C. Heberlin, A. J. Dailey, H. C. Byers.

Recreational facilities have been improved considerably in the past ten months, thanks to First Sergeant L. G. Childress, the congenial and able top of the Guard Company. Competition between the Guard Company and the Barracks Detachment has been hot and heavy in every sport, softball in particular. Both are on even terms at the present, but the Guard Company should be able to produce a winning team, as it has the pick of the players. To date the standings are one and one.

With new baseball equipment the Marines of this base should be able to give the sailors an soldiers on the Isthmus a run for top honors this season. By the way, our baseball season down here starts in December and ends sometime in February. The few remaining regulars, from last year's team (which won three games) are getting anxious to avenge last year's defeats by Navy teams. We all hope it will be a lot different this year.

The social events of interest have been dances sponsored by the Marines of the Atlantic side, and Submarine Base, with the U.S.O.A. providing the girls. The biggest event of the Marines was the dance given solely for the Marines, at the Washington Hotel in Cristobal. Everyone is contemplating another gala event of this sort.

You'll be hearing from us, down here at the crossroads in the next issue—I hope.—E. RITTER.

SPECIAL WEAPONS BATTERY of the **TENTH MARINES** reporting once again from Camp Elliott, Calif. Since our last visit with you, various promotions, transfers, and joinings have taken place. Congratulations, best wishes, and greetings and salutations have been extended in each case, and Marine life is a pleasant one once again for all of these Leathernecks.

The first week of August was spent at Camp Miller in Del Mar, California. Physical conditioning of personnel was the main factor there and swimming and all sorts of athletics, including hiking to and fro, enlivened all muscles that may have lacked proper exercising.

A most important school in our training program is the "hand-to-hand" combat school being held at this camp. Each afternoon an hour or so is dedicated to

THE LEATHERNECK

this modern art of self-defense and proves very interesting to our men.

All in all, our battery is grasping everything we possibly can while in the states, and also remain in tip-top condition, and ready for a moment's notice.

See you next month, with more battery gossip.

—Corp. L. Kurr.

Winning the five-event athletic contest staged Sunday at Camp Elliott, The First Battalion, Sixth Marines, was awarded the coveted Iceland Force challenge shield.

The shield, recently presented to Camp Elliott Marines by British forces in Iceland, signifies military fitness in rifle marksmanship, swimming with full packs on, bayonet course, sub-machine gun marksmanship, and obstacle course.

Major General John Marston, Commanding the Second Marine Division, made the presentation to the winning team. Placing second in the five-event program was the Second Battalion, Tenth Marines, who received \$25 in cash.

Composing the winning team were Lieut. Jack K. Chapman, Corp. Carl Doll, Corp. Bill Boyd, Platoon Sergeant Ed Magnan, Corp. Lee Hardy and Platoon Sergeant Joseph Cado.

The plaque commemorates the first anniversary of the landing of U. S. troops in Iceland, 7 July 1941 and was presented to the "Polar Bear" Marines in June. Known as the Iceland Force challenge shield it was sent to Camp Elliott to the First Marine Brigade. The shield will be awarded annually to that unit of the Sixth Marines which wins the individual pentathlon.

Under the leadership of Second Lieutenant Lonnie McCurry and Corporal Ellington, **BATTERY "M," TENTH MARINES**, is being whipped into top-notch physical condition with a strenuous daily program.

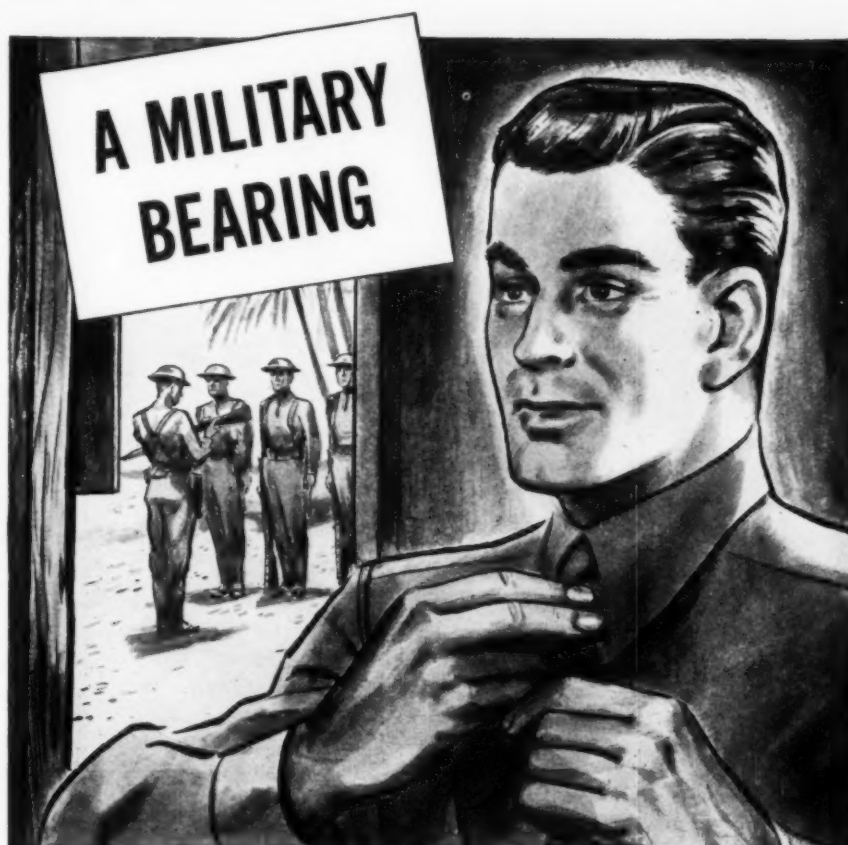
There has been considerable groaning and moaning over sore muscles—but the men are toughening and waistlines are vanishing.

Congratulations are in order to Captain Wermuth, formerly our battery commander, who has been promoted to Major. Also to First Lieutenant Breedlove and First Lieutenant Stulb who are now Captains. Captain Breedlove is carrying on where Major Wermuth left off. Gunnery Sergeant Hancock was also appointed to Marine Gunner. In the enlisted personnel Pfes. Bodine and Cahill are now Corporals. May they all keep progressing.

We also want to compliment the communication section for their ability to set up communications and keep it going on our current RSOPs. With a minimum of equipment they are performing marvels.

We're wondering what makes these fellows returning from furloughs look so pale, haggard and drawn out. They sure look like they have been drawn through a knot hole, maybe they have.

Well boys I just heard chow bumps



For hair that goes with a "military bearing"—
Use VITALIS and the famous "60-Second Workout"!

WHEREVER the Stars and Stripes is carried, the men of the United States Marine Corps are respected and admired for their military carriage and the business-like way in which they're turned out.

So be sure your hair's as smart and "sea-soldierly" as your bearing. Help to keep it good-looking and handsomely groomed—with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

Apply Vitalis to your scalp with a brisk and vigorous massage. As circulation speeds up, your scalp seems to lose its tightness . . . that "restricted" feeling. Then your hair takes on an attractive, manly lustre, but no objectionable "patent-leather" look whatever. It's easy to comb, and it remains

neatly in place. And you've helped to guard it against the damaging effects of scorching sun that bakes hair brittle and lifeless . . . and showers that quickly soak away needed, natural oils.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today—at the handiest drug or service store. Use it in the "60-Second Workout" every morning—and before you go out in the summer sun. Good-looking hair helps to boost your stock with colonels and cuties, generals and janes alike!

Vitalis is a product of
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VITALIS
AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Helps Keep Hair Healthy and Handsome



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Good jobs are to be had by men who possess the necessary training. Aircraft factories, foundries, mills, etc., haven't a fraction of the trained men they need to do their part in the National Defense Program. Every day you see advertisements for mechanics, draftsmen, machinists, welders, etc.

The I. C. S. is doing its part by training men to take their places in Industry and in Service.

I. C. S. Courses are designed so that you can study in your spare time. Each course is prepared by experts.

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Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Present Position _____

In Canada, send to I. C. S., Canadian Ltd., Montreal. In England, send to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.

and that is one call a good Marine never misses. So wait until next month and we will give you news that is news.

Here in **BATTERY "K," FOURTH BATTALION, TENTH MARINES**, promotions continue to be the highlights of the news—at least to the ones concerned.

Sergeant LeComte, and Corporal Brown have successfully completed their courses in officers' training and have been commissioned Second Lieutenants in the U.S.M.C.R. Next in line are the promotions from Corporal to Sergeant, with Corporals Thurman, Hamusek, Naleway, Couch, Roeder, Gonzales, and Hopperton receiving that coveted third stripe. Pfc. Gilliland, Conners, and Harris made the step into non-commissioned ranks. The men receiving their first stripes are so many in number we feel we owe them an apology for not being able to put them all in type.

In addition to the promotions we have had a great many men join our battery. Capt. Houston has taken command of the battery since Captain Gilliam was detached to Fort Sill to Artillery School. Captain Houston brought with him from a 105 Cadre, Platoon Sergeant Peksa, Sergeants Stone, Chavez, Grow, Van Stone, Corporals Dolan, Durand, Fisher, Frazier, Pfc. McLoughlin, and Private Calvert. Having completed their officers' training, Second Lieutenants Finn, Wilson, Fritch, and Bollum have been assigned to regular duty with "K" Battery.

Sergeant Ted Hughes, having undergone an appendectomy, is now at his home in Chicago on a 15-day furlough. We all hope to see him back soon well and rarin' to go to work again.

Since vacations seem to be the order of the day the battery spent the week of July 20-26 at Del Mar qualifying the non-swimmers and engaging in some fast ball games. We all enjoyed our stay very much and wished it could have been much longer.

Sergeant Naleway has just returned from furlough and through a very reliable source is looking forward to wedding bells in September.

Cck. McComb, Sergeant Naleway, Corporals Konkell, Cox, and McPherran, Pfc. Dodge, Smith, Walters, Canich, Enoch, Martin, and Jones were first on the furlough list and are back wondering if their trips home actually happened or were just a dream.

Pfc. Blanchard is about to take the pen in hand and sign on the dotted line for second time. What about it Chuck? Thirty Years?

The most unwanted job in the battery these days is that of office clerk. He has been beseeched with a trillion questions: "Am I going to be transferred? When? How? Why? What for? etc." It is a wonder the poor man hasn't gone over the hill. Mom said there would be days like this but she didn't say they would all come at once.

Harold (Sleep While You Wait) Couch amazed the shooters of the rifle range last week by making a 228 on the "B" Course. They said he couldn't do it but

the proof is right there. The rest of the battery that fired turned out a large number of sharp-shooters with a very few who didn't make the grade.

To school this month has gone PISgt. Turner to First Sergeants' School, Corp. Gregg to Motor Mechanics' School, Pfc. Abbott to Machine Gun School. We hope They all come back with plenty of knowledge. So long, be seeing you next month.

The **MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL AIR STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.**, is now comfortably settled in new de luxe barracks at Floyd Bennett Field, on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. It is generally agreed by the boys that our new surroundings breathe just about the most comfortable and homelike atmosphere anyone can expect at a military post.

The recreation room with its many new leather-cushioned easy chairs, billiard table, ping-pong table and other entertaining devices is a great favorite for those who are at leisure. Our greatly enlarged library contains a wealth of books and magazines, besides new writing tables equipped with fountain pens, with fine pictures. Upon the shiny waxed deck rest numerous easy chairs, the kind for which there usually was a squabble at home about who should sit in them (and Dad usually wound up reading his favorite newspaper in). All in all, this room presents an inviting air, and many of the boys who like to read and write make the Library their headquarters when off duty.

Nearly all the praise and credit for making these rooms so comfortable and well equipped is due to our commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Earle S. Davis, who works untiringly to improve the recreational facilities of the men in his command. Lieutenant Colonel Davis was recently promoted from Major to his present rank.

A fine job is also being done by Cap-

Herman, Super-Marine of 1955



"AS SOON AS I perfect this, I'm going to offer it to the United States Marines."

October, 1942



UP FROM THE RANKS

Introduced only two years ago, better-tasting Chelsea Cigarettes are becoming more and more popular with Marines everywhere.

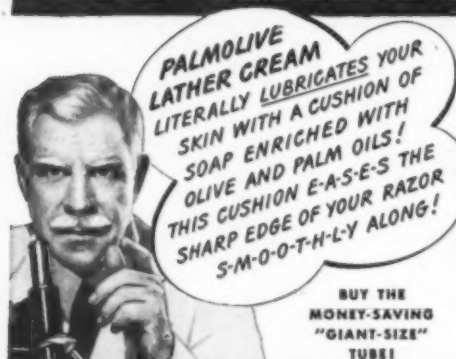
You'll like the cooler-smoking qualities, the soft and gentle smoke of this new cigarette yourself. And your first puff will show you why Chelsea is coming up from the ranks so steadily: It's that deeply satisfying combination of mildness and richness.

CHELSEA
*Better
Cigarettes*



Flash! Sensational New Lather Cream ENRICHED WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS Now Lets Us Guarantee*

NO RAZOR BURN!



BUY THE
MONEY-SAVING
"GIANT-SIZE"
TUBE!

*An Amazing Guarantee To Users Of Any Lather Shaving Cream!

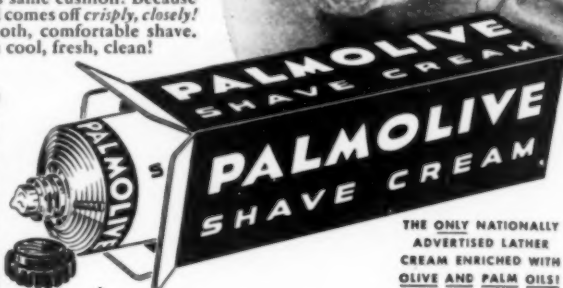
Buy a big tube of PALMOLIVE LATHER CREAM. Shave with it! Use the entire tube... down to the last squeeze!

If you do not find it allows ab-

solutely no burning and stinging—no razor burn—return the top of the carton to Palmolive, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will gladly refund your money.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

- 1 BELIEVE IT OR NOT**, razor burn—that aching, burning, stinging sensation—is not caused by tough beard. It's caused when your razor scrapes against your skin—making hundreds of tiny nips, cuts and gouges!
- 2 PALMOLIVE LATHER CREAM** helps protect you against this! It lubricates your skin! Covers your face with a cushion of soap enriched with Olive and Palm Oils. This cushion e-a-s-e-s the sharp edge of your razor gently along!
- 3 NO SHAVE CREAM** not enriched with Olive and Palm Oils could possibly give you this same cushion! Because of it, your beard comes off *crisply, closely!* You get a smooth, comfortable shave. Your skin feels cool, fresh, clean!



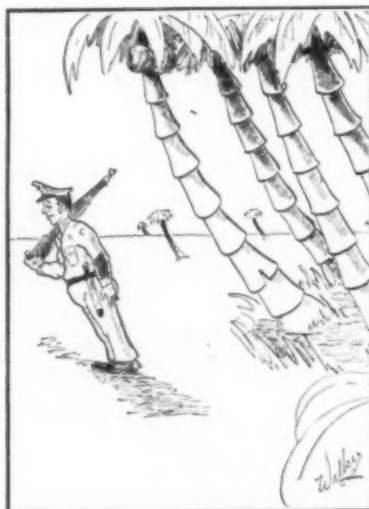
tain Kenneth B. Stiles, our athletic officer. A comparative newcomer to this station, Captain Stiles was influential and spent many hours securing new athletic equipment for us. Since his arrival, our tug-o-war and volley ball team have done exceptionally well against the competition furnished by the Navy and Coast Guard stationed here.

Our whaleboat crew is going great guns and is expected to show honorably in a race to be run shortly at Manhattan Beach against seasoned competition. After the boat race is dispensed with, there will be pistol and rifle shooting matches. The station team which acquires the most points throughout all athletic competition will be rewarded with the Captain's Trophy, a most handsome reward standing about four feet in height. If this trophy does not embellish an honor spot in our Rec Room, it won't be because the boys lacked enthusiasm and spirit.

We are going to have our own little newspaper and at present there is a contest in progress for the name of our contemplated sheet, with a five spot going to the Leatherneck who comes up with the best monicker.

Since this is our first contribution to THE LEATHERNECK, we are trying to get you acquainted with the personnel of this post, which we will do in two issues, in order not to take up too much space in one edition. Now we will give you the names of our officers and non-coms. Next issue we will publish the names of the

rest of the men stationed here. We hope some of you will find old acquaintances among us and that this method will result in at least a few letters coming unexpected to this station from old buddies and friends who lost track of the whereabouts of these men: Lieutenant Colonel Earle S. Davis, Commanding Officer, Captain Kenneth B. Stiles, Marine Gunner Edward E. Harris, Gunnery Sergeant Julius Grossman, Platoon Sergeant Paul



D. Smith, Staff Sergeant Nicholas A. Granito, Sergeants Ira Arnoff, Andrew P. Boquet, Lyman L. Christopher, Robert D. Cordner, Harry M. Crocker, Thomas P. Gordon, William Grolz, Sr., James J. Simpson, and Charles W. Slater. Mess Sergeant Edward D. Nicholson. Corporals Chestley W. Bolton, John T. Colletti, Jr., Paul H. Eberman, Isidore Fink, John F. Hilt, William D. Isbell, Frederick A. King, Robert H. Lemma, William Sendall, J. B. Smith, Francis Young, John P. Ryan, Ernest Ahlquist and Francis D. Howells.

PFC. GEORGE STREITWIESER.

With this issue, BATTERY "B," SECOND SPECIAL WEAPONS' BATTALION, Camp Elliott, answers "here" for the first time. This is a comparatively new battery, being formed last February of "boots" and a few non-coms. Of that first bunch of recruit, there's not a single man in the outfit who hasn't added at least one stripe.

Last Spring we had a really rugged schedule, what with overnight hikes, all-day hikes and numerous problems (pulling our heavy guns by hand). In comparison, the Summer has seemed like a vacation. We've had time for athletics, swimming parties to Del Mar, a full week of conditioning at Camp C. J. Miller at Del Mar. During the Summer, most of the fellows have attended at least one of the Second Marine Division's schools.

THE LEATHERNECK

During the last month many changes have taken place in the **MARINE BARACKS DETACHMENT, NAVAL OPERATING BASE, ARGENTINA, NEW-FOUNDLAND.** Captain John B. Baker has been promoted to the rank of major. Captain Harold C. Gores has been transferred to the States.

Recent promotions of our command are Sgt. Raymond P. Schreckengos to Platoon Sergeant, Corporal Norman E. Parker to Sergeant (QM), and Pfc. Herman Fiechter, Jr., to Corporal. The highlight of the month has been the reports from the rifle range. According to Marine Gunner Eugene A. Bushe the men have been finding aches and pains that they never knew they had. Many a sore back and arms have returned from the range this week, but that is all part of making a good rifle shot. After weeks of practice Corporal Jack G. Price cannot seem to keep his thumb in the right place and his eye shows it.

As I close this month's news more chevrons are being passed out and we will try and tell you more about them next month.—JACK C. HARVEY.

Some notes from **HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY, FOURTH BATTALION, TENTH MARINES.**

First of all, a few congratulations to Major Harry N. Shea, Captain Robert W. Sullivan, and Captain George L. Hays upon their recent promotion. The whole battery joins in wishing you success. Many of the boys are wearing new chevrons.

Sergeant Albert G. Cheatle just returned from the First Sergeants' School held at the Marine Corps Base in San Diego and we learn that he came back to us with the second highest grades made at the school. At the present Sergeant Cheatle is acting as Sergeant Major for our Battalion.

The whole Battery is now turning G. I. The cause? Master Technical Sergeant (Ace) Drummond lost his laundry in a mix up and the whole battery believes a terrible catastrophe is at hand. Here is hoping no more laundry is lost in the next few months.

Many sore feet are turning up now that the battery is turning to and getting into condition with more than their share



"**THE P-X REPORTS**, sir, that they are all out of pistachio. Will butter-pecan do?"

October, 1942



*Can't we announce "Shore Leave" some other way?
This one makes the men act a bit hasty.*



"33 to 1"

it's got a he-man flavor
that fightin' men go for

Men really "go overboard" for the tantalizing, extra delicious flavor of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

What makes it so? Well—just like finest champagnes, Pabst Blue Ribbon reaches perfection through blending. Actually, 33 fine brews are blended into this one great beer...

specially blended to give it a flavor that can't be copied.

That's why it's so popular with every branch of the service. Ask for it next time you're "at ease". Enjoy its robust, friendly goodness in the distinctive dress parade bottle.



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33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Winsome



... like a
GRIFFIN shine



On skirt patrol, you and a gob sight a wren at the same time. You look pretty snappy—but so does he.

Now, which one is she gonna let convoy her... the guy with the GRIFFIN shine, or one with crummy shoes?

Chances are, though—since GRIFFIN outsells all other brands of shoe polish combined in the Services—all your competition will have GRIFFIN shines. Well, at least, if your shoes have that bright, long-lasting GRIFFIN shine, you got the same advantage—and what Marine ever asked for more than an even break?

The can with the easy opener costs only 10¢ at all post exchanges and ship's stores.



GRIFFIN

The Service Shine Since 1890

of the hikes. We do not hear any complaining, however, and the spirit is fine.

At this time we would like to wish Platoon Sergeant George E. Madden lots of luck, because the next time we see him we will salute him. At the present he is in the O.C. School at Green's Farm and we all know he will come out of the school with flying colors.

Our property sergeant, Corporal Ivin A. Libertus, just returning from furlough, tells us that he didn't live up to his name as rough and ready. It seems that the crook that appears in his nose did not come from running into the door. Ask him about it fellows and then don't believe what he tells you for it isn't the truth. He swears that there were ten of them but we wonder.

Also it seems that Sergeant John (Red) Crofford and Corporal Ed Connolly are having too good a time some place close to Los Angeles. It will be something to check on in the near future. From more reports received by my roving reporters it seems that Pfc. Charles F. Land and Robert R. Guyer left a string of broken hearts all the way from the Halls of Boston to the Shores of California. How about this boys?

SERGEANT GOSTON J. BOYD.

Here we are in the editorial groove again. Only this time we are sounding off in a new atmosphere here at **MARINE BARRACKS, U.S.N.A.D. ANNEX, HINGHAM, MASS.** We opened the new barracks by having a house warming party. It was run for two nights, and every one showed up both nights. We had a number of U.S.O. girls as guests. All the men donated for the refreshments so we had plenty of both food and drinks. The refreshments consisted of hot dogs and hamburgers with beer and punch to drink. We appreciated the job Mess Sergeant Becker and chief cook Jackson did. We have a new acting police Sergeant, Pfc. Chas. Boyer. He did a marvelous job in preparing for the affair.

We have as special guests Capt. L. P. Davis (U. S. N.), Lt. Comd. Harold Doe (U. S. N.), Maj. L. L. Gover (U. S. M. C. Ret'd), Capt. Thomas Whitesel (U. S. M. C.), not mentioning many others who attended.

We are getting plenty of drilling and have a crack drill platoon thanks to the good work of our four fine instructors, Gy. Sgt. Steine, Pl. Sgt. Paul Curtis, Pl. Sgt. Miele and Sgt. Vinton Skidmore. We are very lucky in having a Labrador Retriever for our mascot. He never misses a formation and is more punctual than some of our two legged Marines. His biggest delight is to go out and walk post with the men.

Added to our little detachment out here is F.M. Walter A. Sowles. He is a very competent music. Well, we will sign off now, hoping to be with you again very soon.—Pfc. H. C. Jeffery.

Here we come, ready or not, with another report from **SEMPER FIDELIS, INC.**, to let all you fellows know what

the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of Minneapolis Marines have been up to for the past couple months.

But first, maybe you'd like to hear a little something about our current enterprise. Starting September 9 and running for six weeks, the "From the Halls of Montezuma" art exhibition at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis is being sponsored by Semper Fidelis, Inc. The exhibition includes art objects such as paintings, idols, scarves and weapons from all the countries where Marines are stationed.

During the time of the exhibit, receptions are being held once each week to honor various groups. At the opening Sept. 9 admission was by invitation and ticket. The Governor, the Mayor and the Guard of Honor—ten representative Minneapolis businessmen who are the guardian angels of the exhibition—were guests at the opening. Other groups honored at different receptions were Minneapolis civic clubs, mothers of 1917 Marines, Marines of 1917, high school boys and principals, and fathers and brothers of Marines. Refreshments were served at the opening reception and to the mothers of 1917 Marines. There will also be refreshments on October 14 when men from the Service Club are entertained.

It is hoped that this "From the Halls of Montezuma" art exhibition will help to further interest in recruiting and the Marine Corps. A recruiting station is being manned at the art center. Semper Fidelis members are acting as guides for the exhibition. An added feature of the exhibition is a gallery of pictures of Minnesota Marines.

Semper Fidelis members are also active in other fields of war work. The club volunteered almost 100 per cent to help in the coming Red Cross financial drives as solicitors. We have also taken over the selling of War bonds and stamps at the State Theatre in Minneapolis for the duration. Semper Fidelis, Inc., is planning to assist in the collection and sale of rummage, the proceeds to be used to purchase Red Cross food packages to be sent to war prisoners.

One of our members learned recently that "turn-about is fair play." After having participated in any number of farewell gatherings for recruits leaving for San Diego, she only recently learned how much such things really meant to a person when a group of enthusiastic recruits gave her a hearty send-off when she entrained for Des Moines to take up her training with the WAACS.

Local enthusiasm and participation in Semper Fidelis, Inc., is continuing to grow, and we have added Chicago and St. Paul to our list of other cities interested in our organization. We are happy to announce that our local recruiting office stands ready to issue charters to any groups who can qualify for affiliation with Semper Fidelis, Inc.—mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of Marines. Our address is still Semper Fidelis, Inc., Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THE LEATHERNECK

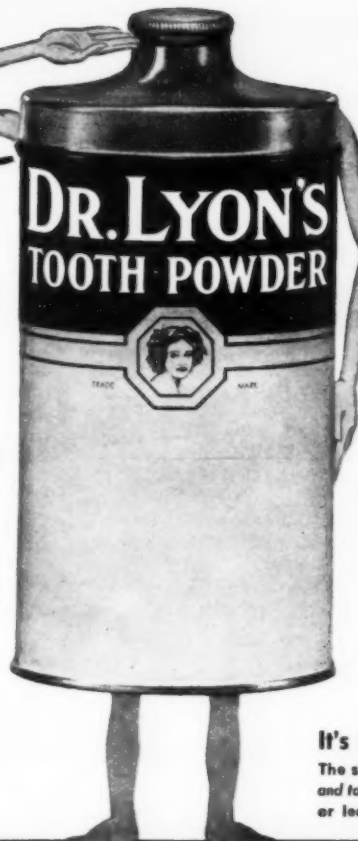


For Distinguished Service

Roll the drums and let the bugles blare!

I'm coming front and center. The Marines have pinned an appreciation medal on me. They say *I stand up under rough treatment; carry well in a sea bag*, and am always ready to go on duty and do my job of cleaning and polishing teeth quickly and thoroughly to a natural whiteness.

That's why I am the largest selling tooth powder in the Marine Corps.



All Cleansing Properties: As it is the powder part of most dentifrices that cleans, a dentifrice that is all powder just naturally cleans effectively. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is **ALL POWDER**—all cleansing properties.

For over seventy years, many dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because normal teeth simply cannot remain dull and dingy looking when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans teeth in a way that leaves them sparkling with natural brightness. And, at the same time, refreshes the mouth and sweetens the breath.

Brush your teeth daily with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder. Consult your dentist periodically, and you will be doing all that you possibly can do to protect your teeth.

Costs Less to Use: Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is more economical to use. In the same size and price class, it outlasts tooth paste two to one.

It's a "DANDY for SEA BAGS"

The sturdy Dr. Lyon's tin really stands up and takes a beating. Will not easily burst or leak. It goes "dandy" in sea bags.

THE GAZETTE

On September 9, 1942, the enlisted strength of the Marine Corps was 88,353 regulars and 79,581 reserves on active duty. There are 33 retired on active duty, and 8,729 inactive making the total strength of the Marine Corps for September 9, 1942. 176,696.

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:

Konopa, Benedict W.
Tufts, Robert W.
Durant, John S.
Corbett, Robert J.
Withey, Charles H.
Edwards, Clarence M., Jr.
Fern, Bernard H.

Hogan, Michael J.
Kaylor, Virgil
King, Plummer W.
Ruth, William D.
Weatherby, Frederick L.
Babcock, Elton S.
Young, James K.

TO MASTER GUNNERY

McBee, John R.
Patrick, Joseph F.
Wriston, Lyman S.
Bethes, William D.
Duncan, John C.
Johnson, Joseph E.

SERGEANT:

Makus, Hugo A.
Martin, Dale W.
McKinley, Rufus W.
Newman, Ralph H.
Hutchins, William M.

TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Graham, James I., Jr.
Hoppis, Henry F.
Lane, William J.
Marcus, Arthur R.
Swango, Gordon H.
Gehrke, William E.
Ogden, Denzil H.
Iler, Fred B.
Kaminski, Edward J.
Russo, Dominic
Blassage, Bernard R.
Moore, Maxie A.
Bonashefski, Peter P.
Bozeman, Lewis J.
Arndt, Elbert H.
Billier, Eugene R.
Beibert, John C.
Fox, David A.
Lucius, Willis R.
Renn, Edward B.
Young, Frederick A.
Knipple, Charles M.
Lane, William F.
Anglin, Henry H.
Raichart, Cheston L.
Woolley, Sidney R.
Forsberg, Eric B.

Goss, Gerald E.
Bozeman, Lewis J.
Baldassare, Silvio G.
Knack, Frederick J.
Coleman, William A.
Jodoin, Edgar
Hembree, Phillip R.
Johnson, Merle B.
Dorey, Leander E.
Brown, Zachariah J.
Brashier, Gerald E.
Buss, George E.
Digger, William S.
Fussell, Wesley W.
Hendricks, Paul J.
Reed, Parker Van S.
Shannon, Richard
Townsend, Raymond H.
Ward, Harry E., Jr.
Valcott, John W.
Nantais, Joseph
Sloniker, Fred
Sylvester, Frank E.
Sutta, Ben
Brooks, Frank W.
Frankel, Milton M.
Hagen, George E.

TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT:

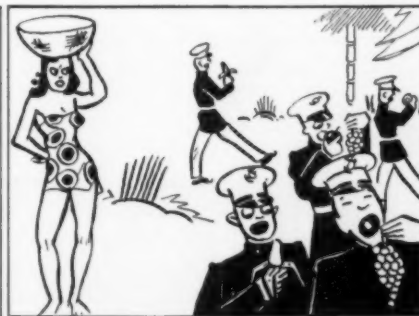
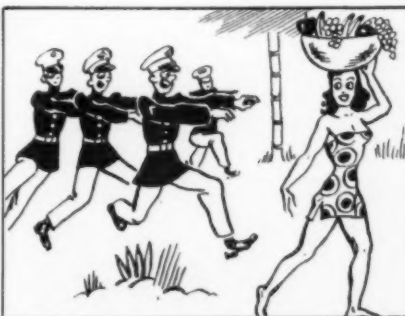
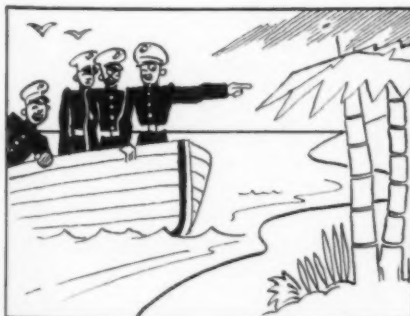
Bythway, Bruce Le R.
Warner, William J., Jr.
Covell, Frank W.

Allaire, Richard V.
Aland, Francis E., Sr.
Daniel, Edward M., Jr.
Guy, John C.
Miles, Calvin C., 3rd
Miller, Francis J.
Bicarski, John M.
Seefield, Paul C.
Almetti, Frank
Albin, Bill
Bodanski, Walter
Clement, Fred
Couley, Sidney W.
Dimmick, Guy O.
Erickson, Wallace C.
Fenn, George G.
Fisher, Claude A.
Foster, Frank R.
Green, Raymond
Gorham, George F.
Haney, C. L.
Johansson, Robert L.
Matthews, John S.
Metz, Adam A.
Powell, Harley C.
Reid, Gus G.
Richardson, Clarence W.

Roach, Wade H.
Ryan, Sydney J.
Sherwin, Ralph
Smith, Arnold P.

Brockmeyer, John A.
Mensch, Walter A.
Ovitz, William H.
Lambert, Orville C.
Hale, Charles H.
Amacker, Robert W.
Oliver, Harry M.

TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Smith, Doris R.
James F.
Shaw, Sydney N.
Thomas, Ben T., Jr.
Todoverto, Attileo
Vasellauskas, Anthony E.
Baker, Wildon P.
Bateman, William E.
Cox, Jesse F.
Dailey, LeRoy E.
Davis, Charles W.
Deckard, Francis E.
Ethnes, Leo J.
Gordon, Charles C.
Heaton, Andrew L.
Howard, Joseph A.
Howell, Ray John
Lapinsky, Leonard C.
Monochini, Louis A.
Reiding, John A.
Van Boskirk, Martin C.
Withey, Harold E.





KEEPING PACE *with the giant strides of war-time travel*

—requires every bus Greyhound can muster . . . every modern means of conserving rubber, fuel, vital materials!

Never in history has a war so urgently required so much of transportation . . . never has transportation responded so efficiently.

Greyhound, carrying millions more passengers than ever in the past, is extending its facilities to the utmost, eliminating all unnecessary services, so that every essential traveler shall reach his destination promptly, without waste of precious time and money.

There are few new buses to be had—there is great need for conservation—so every coach, every scrap of rubber and metal, every gallon of fuel must stretch farther and farther in service to men and women in uniform, war workers, farmers and all who must travel to help win this war.

Greyhound could not successfully have carried the capacity loads of the past midsummer season without the good-natured cooperation of several million travelers. *Our sincere thanks to every one of you!* The biggest part of the job is still to come—and, together, we will keep these buses working full-time for Victory.

GREYHOUND

TO PAYMASTER SERGEANT:

Blankenship, Thomas P.
Coneaux, Eldridge M.
Dukeman, Cless O.
Rowe, Edward J.
Farmer, Herbert L.
Smith, Grady E.
Stone, Paul W.
Zachidny, Jerry W.
Davies, Evan D., Jr.

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

Baker, David H.
Beckelman, Harry M.
Gestwick, Wilbur
Chambers, Alton B.
Davis, Baylus B.
Chambers, Paul W.
Dowler, Murray G.
Ewing, Elmer A.
Fox, Roy L.
Friedman, Isreal
Grounds, James D., Jr.
Guilbeau, Charles R.
Kaehler, Ernest C.
Kates, James H.
Mackey, Charles M.
Malcolm, Howard
Arnett, Miles K.
Free, Marvin D.
Golden, Edwin L.
Grafton, Paul B.
Green, George W.
Harrington, James H.
Mollica, Michael
McArthur, Harold D.
Williams, Robert A.
Craig, Walter
Bailey, Michael L.
Bracken, Frederick N.
Carter, Noah B.
Lowthers, Clinton A.
Whitten, Orrin S.
Young, Shelby
Meshauk, Leo L.
McDaniel, William H.
Plucinsky, Edward S.
Preston, Ralph C.
Ray, Hansel
Schneider, George R.
Shealy, Clyde W.
Skorick, John F.
Stephens, Hubert M.
Tobin, John P.

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Ainsworth, Paul L.
Bouher, Elmer J., Jr.
Bryan, Tillam O., Jr.
Cameron, Maurice H.
Clark, Horace T.
Collup, Willard D.
Cox, Woodrow W.
Dunlap, Lowell H.
Culbert, Larry L.
Downs, Jack J.
Hanson, Reuben H.
Harrison, Gordon V.
Houser, Fred C.
Johnson, "F" "L"
Langston, Fred E.
Lee, Joseph O.
Lindley, Johnny D.
Linn, Homer B.
Mossman, Robert J.
Nedved, Oavald
Norris, James D.
Pfeiffer, William A.
Angel, Raymundo, Jr.
Salter, David T.

FIENDOIL
CLEANS FIREARMS

Fiendoil contains a patented rust inhibitor that protects firearms under severest conditions. It removes lead and metal fouling, attacking it where it joins the steel. Write for Fiendoil folder. 40c in 2 1/4 oz. Cans or in Bottles.

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Scott, Edward J.
Seamans, Floyd B.
Seyler, Eugene E.
Vernon, Randall M.
Wallace, Paul W.
Wertheim, Dwight B.
Whisenand, John H.
Williamson, Robert W.
Witherspoon, Woodrow W.
Zielinski, Edward L.
Keister, Robert L.
Mannino, Victor L.
McKay, Charles I.

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Hostad, Orin W.
McKain, George E.
Perkins, Arthur D.
Sinkule, Bohous O.
McKinney, Richard E.
Larvey, Merle F.
Hodgson, George E.
Seitzinger, Russell F.
Garrison, James J.
Gibson, Raymond
Cannon, Francis J.
Bristow, Ralph E.
Clark, Raymon A.
Lang, Lawrence A.
Pace, Roderick A.
Black, Oral
Bracewell, Luther F.

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Brodd, Alton T.
Dilberger, Louis P., Jr.
Ferguson, Robert B.
Hall, Wilbur P., Jr.
Hill, Ivan C.
Orgard, James L.
McBride, Frank J.
Norman, Edward C.
Anthony, Robert J.
Bader, Wilmer L.
Bock, Forrest J.
Embrey, Almon D.
England, Luther
Hohlt, Ernest C., Jr.
Hutchinson, Ora M., Jr.
Jacobs, Paul C.
Martin, Clarence R.
Morton, Peter G.
McCarthy, Jack E.
McLand, Benjamin V., Jr.
Peterson, William M.
Porter, Robert P.
Pritchard, Warren B.
Rote, Keith M.
Savage, Jim W.
Smoak, Louis G.
Spencer, Wilford F.
Watwood, Marshall
Wayne, James H.
Adams, Robert K.
Alm, Harry L.
Buczek, Walter A.
Catron, LeRoy E.
Dickman, William C., Jr.
Jorgenson, Eric I.
Kohn, William B.
Lowem, Robert W.
Shoberg, Maurice E.
Slavin, Patrick L.
Bivins, Jack E.
Dodson, Frederick C.
Ewing, Dean C.
Peel, Edd F.
Staley, Newbern R.
Baier, Edward M.
Geftman, William

TO SUPPLY SERGEANT:

Fleming, Richard M.
Lima, William F.
Sharp, William T.
Smith, Edward T.
Curry, William C., Jr.
Brockmeyer, John A.
Daniel, Eddie L.

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Adams, James F.
Bailey, Jordan W.
Colwell, Ralph F.
Detty, Garnett E.
Duncan, Albert S.
Gaskin, George J.
Hauser, Emil W.
Joyner, Atlas F.
Kostencki, Stanley F.
Koval, Robert S.
Lang, William A.
Long, John B.
May, Gus P.
Moussetis, Roy
Peeler, Boyd T.
Robinson, William H.
Bilow, Ray
Fitzjarrell, Earl E.
Hinkle, Burton D.
Moore, Garland
Patton, Olie F.
Sherlock, Mike

Allen, Frank T.
Allen, Samuel R.
Alling, John
Antonio, John A.
Babyak, Joseph J.
Brule, John A.
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It's the Life, Boy!

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Malanowski, Henry E.
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Nugent, Ray H.
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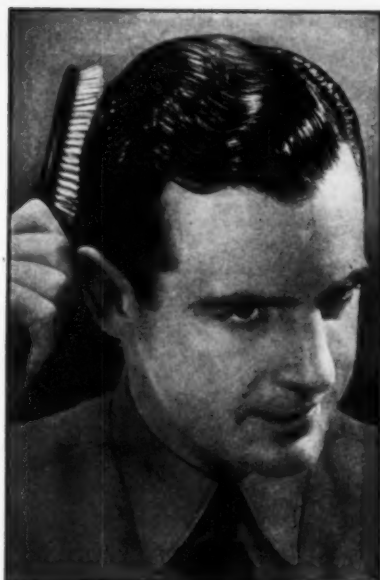
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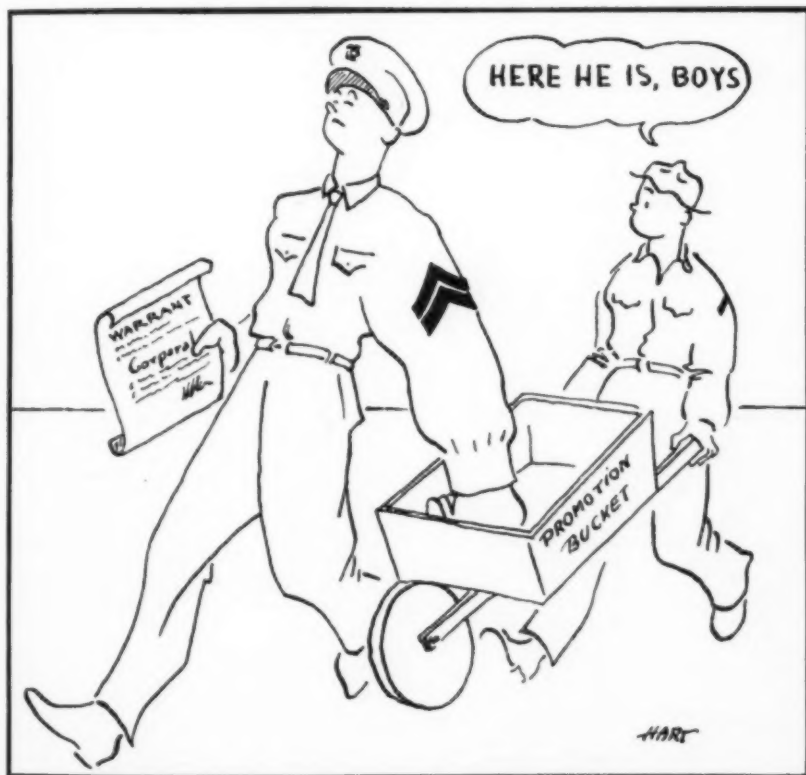


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Button, Everett W.	Yarwood, John J.	Stockdale, George R.	Rowland, James S.
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Davis, John J.	Beatty, Charles B., Jr.	Testerman, Frank F.	Waszak, Leonard F.
Derezynski, Frank	Bernard, Joseph G.	Van Hekken, James R.	Williams, Pervin H.
Drew, Clyde E.	Binsbacher, Arthur W. W.		
Duffy, Joseph J.	Brannagh, James	TO SERGEANT:	
Ely, Richard O.	Cabe, Elwood	Bond, Harold E.	Wilson, John R.
Farrell, Edward W.	Cain, John D., Jr.	Bosshard, Lawrence H.	Zwirner, Arthur P., Jr.
Glaas, Hollis W.	Cates, Ernest L.	Brannon, Earl W.	Barrentine, John D.
Halicki, Stanley J.	Coverston, Otto	Buffington, Howard M.	Becher, Robert P.
Harner, Richard F.	Coy, James L.	Carnahan, Thomas R.	Beth, Leslie E.
Henney, Ralph L.	Dale, Laurence R.	Clark, John R.	Cuthing, Frank V.
Hession, William M.	Dewberry, Joe A.	Dolan, William A.	Duchring, Lloyd W.
Knight, Edwin D.	Dick, Jonath	Eubanks, Fred P.	Gentry, Donald W.
Kraby, Thorval	Donovan, Raymond J.	Fazio, Carl	Griffin, Elmer C.
Krueger, Charles A.	Duckett, Bernard L.	Fondanova, Angelo M.	Grisham, Curtis L.
Lewis, Howard R.		French, Paul A.	Laker, William L.

Gieschen, Edwin H.
Gilman, Herman D.
Gomm, Douglas H.
Hall, Laurence M.
Hamon, Eugene L.
Harris, James R.
Hash, Chester D.
Holt, Wilton
Howard, Leslie F.
Humphres, Jim T., Jr.
Jesup, Jacob A.
Katschkowsky, Herbert C.

Kimball, Wayne R.
Lunning, Frank J.
Magee, Louis K.
Mason, Benjamin H.
Mertensen, Alexis R.
McCamy, Robert E.
McCarthy, William L., Sr.

Newton, William D.
Nowaczyk, Louis J.
Palmisano, Anthony J.
Parmley, Hagan, Jr.
Paschall, O. B.
Patton, Lester L.
Penland, Donald A.
Pierce, Robert
Plymate, Dee R.
Ray, Emory A.
Samuels, Rubin
Sanders, Calvin G.
Schultz, Norman A.
Siler, Robert J.
Smith, Freddie G.
Spitzley, Bert C., Jr.
Sweet, Granville G.
Tarllo, Harold
Toner, Edwin K.
Vaughn, James C.
Wagner, Jack W.
Walrath, Armol F.
West, Corbin L.
Armstrong, Ivan J.
Avaritt, Jesse T.
Balsa, Anthony D.
Blanchard, Floyd E.
Bolek, Frank M.
Bott, Wesley H.
Brightman, Howard W.
Bryant, Jess
Burney, Benjamin B.
Dunbar, Carl E.
Estes, William E.
Frazer, David R.
Gilbert, Orta E.
Grimes, Charles W.
Hoffman, Arthur W.
Howard, Andrew G.
Hambly, Raymond N.
Harris, Harvey V.
Hastie, Carl J., Jr.
Hatcher, Robert McG.
Jackson, James A.
Jacoby, Victor P.
Kantz, Volney N.
Korrik, Egnatus
Kosiol, Walter
Kreiner, James E.
Krell, Jack R.
Land, Chalmers K.
Long, William A.
Markowski, Leonard
Martin, Quentin J.
Metcalf, George B.
Minissali, Richard, Jr.
Napple, Leonard L.
Ohlsen, Winston C.
Owensby, Archie F.
Patterson, William A.
Perkins, Walter J.
Pierce, Joe
Poage, Jay V.

Larkin, Harold E.
Madden, James J.
Militano, Joseph
Miller, David R.
Mitchell, Edward M.
Pettley, Walter F.
Poling, Walter E.
Porter, Carl R.
Privette, James H.
Rogers, Ralph E.
Scotcher, Edwin R.
Slavik, Ernest J.
Summers, Claud C.
Tarkowski, Frank P.
Thomas, William G.
Von Der Heyde, Henry A. F., Jr.

Sturm, John A.
Sudol, Casimer S.
Salbert, James R.
Teague, Harold J.
Thomas, Earl, Jr.
Thomason, John L.
Van Bebber, Kenneth H.
Walker, Keith H.
Walterscheid, Paul J.
Watson, Robert C.
West, James C., Jr.
West, William G.
Wheeler, Fay E.
Wolpiuk, Joseph J.
Wood, James W.
Yates, Edward A., Jr.
Kistler, Leroy M.
Lewis, Hugh G.
Locke, Raymond M.
Lockhart, Jack N.
Longnecker, Hansel G.
Lundy, Don L.
Mulder, John R.
Muszel, Frank
McNichols, Charles F.
Nastasi, Joseph A., Jr.
Nichols, Jack A.
Neison, Maurice E.
Noyes, Arthur S.
Ould, Clifford E.
Peluso, Geno
Peranen, Fred M.
Petrovich, Julius J., Jr.
Roan, Marion J.
Rozier, John B.
Sale, Robert E.
Sapp, Dudley S.
Scatina, Carmen J. C.
Schlossberg, Irving
Scott, Russel
Skotnicki, Anthony J.
Smith, Jack D.
Snyder, Rolland L.
Solheim, Howard W.
Soloway, Peter, Jr.
Stanslow, John J., Jr.
Stoddard, Donald D.
Storey, Paul W.
Tabler, Marion W.
Tews, Edward E.
Thompson, Charles W.
Tuckman, Robert B.
Updegrave, Maurice S.
Vogelsang, William A.
Wadman, Gerald L.
Watkins, Earl J.
Whalen, Patrick J.
Wiggins, John C.
Zeig, Benjamin A.
Zorn, Jerre R.
Aaron, Max C.
Axtell, Dale A.
Barham, Gwendol H.
Glaiddell, Albert L.
Bowman, Daniel
Burke, John F.

Start the "BIG PUSH" on Stubborn Hair NOW!



Even if service life is hard on your hair don't douse it with water or anything else! Dousing makes it look pasted-down. For good-looking, natural-looking hair, follow the simple 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method described below.



TO HAVE HANDSOME HAIR



CHECK DRY SCALP



YOU can't look your best if you neglect Dry Scalp. For neglect can mean loose dandruff scales... itchy scalp... hard-to-manage hair. Keep clear of Dry Scalp by using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. Just do these two simple things:

1. Comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every morning. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic fights Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural hair oils... keeps hair in place... naturally good-looking.
2. Give your scalp a brisk massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo. A swell way to stir up circulation and check loose dandruff. Why not buy a bottle today?



"IT'S FOR YOU... Snoogie!!!"



A few drops daily supplement the natural scalp oils, keep hair good-looking.

AT ALL POST EXCHANGES

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CONFESSIONS OF A PAIR OF SHOES ON ACTIVE SERVICE



Boy—am I disgusted!
The day I was issued I
looked great—but now
my color has gone and
my toes are all scuffed
up and ugly.



If the boss would just
get some Dyanshine
Liquid Shoe Polish. The
dauber makes it easy
to apply—it adds color
to the leather.



Three cheers! He got
some Dyanshine—now
I look like something.
Inspection was a breeze
and I hear we're step-
ping out tonight.

Available in
Army Brown
Cordovan
Oxblood, Black
White Glaze



SAVE MONEY

SAVE TIME WITH

DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK DEC U.S. PAT. OFF.
Liquid
SHOE POLISH

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Rockwell, Calvin "J."
Sengewald, Richard H.
Voehl, Donald B.
Wadleigh, Joseph A.
Wels, Thomas E.
Andersen, Paul C.
Baldinger, Charles P.
Clayton, George W.
Cook, Carl K.
Doyle, Mortimer Ber-
nard
Fricke, Henry H.
Hope, John M.
LeTallier, Herbert J.
Lucas, Robert E.
Mack, Charles R.
McDaniel, John H.
Pennock, Raymond V.
Rosner, John R.
Sanborn, Don LaV.
Scherr, Samuel A.
Scott, Harry E.
Sherman, Mack
Shoemaker, Ivan H.
Stevenson, Lloyd E.
Williams, Raymond
Williams, Robert A.
Winter, Ronald W.
Zultski, Michael M.
Head, Robert E. L.
Connell, Edward W.
Heyl, Fred C.
Ross, Howard C.
Stranahan, George A.
Munn, James E.
Giddens, Jacques J.
Barnes, Sidney W.
Dabbert, Milton T.
Grant, Harold W.
Klesynak, Charles A.
Rife, Vernon W.
Cusack, William J.
Mackenzie, Harold L.
Jr.
Benton, Edgar A., Jr.
Keiffer, Edwin L.

Sanstad, Gordon P.
Schroeder, Everton T.
Siry, Walter
Smith, Edgar M.
Swindle, Guy H.
Taylor, Robert C., Jr.
Perryman, Wayne D.
Hendrickson, Harvey
L., Jr.
Glass, John T.
Dolena, William S.
Berge, Earle W.
Robinson, Henry R.
Searle, Francis "E" Jr.
Orlando, Daniel
Trendwell, Silas T., Jr.
Walker, Edward H.
Zamzow, John G.
Clements, James D.
Cooper, Richard M.
Cooper, Milton H.
Gann, Charles W.
Walker, Chester E., Jr.
Taylor, John R., Jr.
Scott, Harry E.
Paderick, Edwin L.
Yardas, Bernard L.
Snyder, John
Suthern, Raymond D.
Seinsky, William J.
Schwoyer, Harold E.
W.
Schuettel, Fred W.
Roe, Maurice E.
Rhue, Donald G.
Tolley, Robert M.
Thompson, John C.
Talbot, Thomas C.
Ratliff, Marvin R.
Ratliff, Foster
Funtney, Edward E.
Precise, Cecil Seal
Hammett, Edison
Dickinson, Paul W.
Brooks, Eugene M.
Brandt, Alvin C.
Thompson, Archie R.

Roush, Hiram J.
Santoro, Michael L.
Graves, James W.
Shifflette, Joseph B.
Moses, Gershon R.
Peterson, Donald H.
Thompson, Woodrow R.
Urquhart, John C.
Guerrero, Michael
Headley, Herbert C.
Decker, Charles W.
Willis, Melvin A.
Balcer, Julian H.
Bennie, Woodrow W.
Harris, Adrian F.
Lasch, Lewis E.
White, Leo
Hamcock, William L.,
Jr.
Turner, Gerald A.
Dinean, Louis E.
Darr, Norbert M.
Ruane, Martin J.
Harper, Joe E.
Donlon, Edward
Bagby, Richard
McCulley, Alexander Z.
Jacobi, Max V.
Pizzine, Joseph B.
Hanady, Edward
Price, Irwin L.
Rapport, Michael B.
Reed, Eisdon H.
Shuford, John C.
Smith, Paul W.
Thomson, Harry E.
Turley, Lloyd G.
Walker, Theodore R.
Woodcock, Herman R.
Chandler, Joe B.
Courtney, Joe A., Jr.
Dedmond, Hayley M.
Edwards, Clarence M.,
Jr.
Epps, Sidney McN.
Fike, Paul E.
Finn, Gerald P.
Fisher, John W.
Glowinski, Raymond S.
Hovatter, Eugenous M.
Rockwell, Reuben P.
Barraco, Leonard J.
Buckland, Jack T.
Bitler, Bernard L.
Carmichael, Harold L.
Guest, Julius R., Jr.
Hodge, Jack "T."
Johnson, Rombert H.
Moris, William
McBride, Ray J.
Griffith, Earl W.
Newsome, Edward L.
Paganski, Arthur L.
Griffith, Joe F.
Martin, James R.
McWilliams, Ira M.
Williams, Warren W.
Dimmitt, Auston
DeWitt, Ellsworth E.
Erwin, William C., Sr.
Spencer, Lionel P.
Cross, William L.

Bencheck, Matthew V.
J.
Arnold, Franklin R.
Larkin, Harold E.
Summers, Claud C.
Hinkle, Clarence F.
Grall, Henry J.
Atton, Vincent J.
Ripka, George A.
Moss, Edward J.
Baranick, Walter V.
Jones, Leslie
Arnoff, Ira
Kennedy, Paul O.
Freeman, Clyde
Kurtz, Clarence A.
Pate, McKinley
Stanfield, Charles C.
Levensgood, Earl
Wallace, Cecil
McDonough, John H.
Pritchard, William R.
McDaniel, Jesse W.
Platt, John L., Jr.
Freeburn, William E.
Hagan, Ralph H.
Lawrence, Troy A.
Merkley, William C.
MacHale, Theodore S.
McManus, Ernest N.
Resdorn, Gerard A.
Bacon, Bonnie W.
George, David M.
Paul, George
Kurtz, Harold B.
Fowler, Franklin E.
Hansen, Harold V.
Williams, Charles W.
Saunders, Donald G.
Reifel, Horace C.
Liddell, Joack D.
Morrill, Howard T.
Lamb, David W.
Hall, Robert L.
Toigo, Joseph C.
Opseth, Raymond G.
Anderson, Archie V.
Baker, Perry W.
Perry, Robert H.
Braun, Charles G.
Bure, Douglas E.
Clark, Vi-wil W.
Collins, Wilbert H.
Crawford, Roy E.
Droke, Edwin P.
Parkas, Julius
Fordon, William S.
Goodman, Lloyd C.
Goodrow, Gordon L.
Haas, John A.
Hackett, James J.
Haindel, Vivian R.
Johnson, Robert A.
Kelley, Earl S.
Keisten, Fred M., Jr.
Levitsky, Anthony
Marler, James
Montgomery, Monte C.
Orr, Edgar D.
Overstreet, John D.
Peterson, Arthur P.
Reagan, Emery E., Jr.

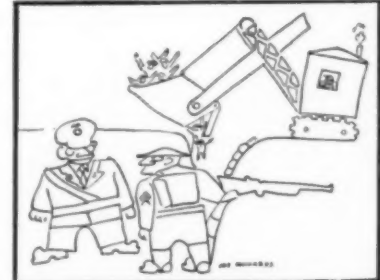
Rowe, Espie C.
Horton, Jake
Lampas, Leonard B.
Mann, Robert Z.
Perkins, William T.
Shaffer, Wilson R.
Ditt, Robert W.
Fischer, William H.
Parker, Seymour
Francis
Graves, Wilmo Wise
Melmick, Raymond
Hill, Ollie Henry
Stearns, Homer King
Alexander, Roy T.
Cardell, Louis
Hooker, Richard Rob-
ert P.
Klenzy, Marion
Konops, Benedict W.
Kuttick, Adolph J.
Hughes, Martin J.
Merchant, Oakford K.
Flanders, Jim W.
Fretzger, Robert R.
McKenney, Ward B.
Nusbaumer, Joseph A.,
Jr.
Offord, William J.
Chick, Gilbert
MacDougall, John B.
Saunders, Donald G.
Lane, Hubert J.
Sessions, Arnold R.
Vinson, Herman
Wiegman, Raymond W.
Lain, Robert F.
Javanovich, George C.
Eaton, James F., Jr.
Dugoniths, George E.
Gahr, Benjamin F.
Jernigan, Robert J.
Paulkner, James C., Jr.
Brenninger, Carl T.
Sax, Steve
Schiffer, Jerome H.

Sargent, Paul N., Jr.
St. John, Arna C.
Stramecki, Theodore A.
Taylor, Ralph M.
Wagner, George
Whipple, Raymond F.
Wood, Richard E.
Hanks, Jean W.
Botsford, Theodore
Baker, Horace B.
Barker, Eugene
Cooley, William F.
Dahlin, Arthur L.
Haley, Richard T.
Hanson, Robert E.
Hoague, Robert K.
Hosbach, Carl M.
Hovanes, John
Kaufman, James W.
Kennedy, William L.
Littrell, Woodrow H.
Meyer, Raymond G.
Potter, Arvin H.
Robinson, John W.
Sexton, Aldon J.
Strzalka, Joseph R.
Walsh, William J.
Washburn, Charles R.
Watkins, Chalmers W.
Wilkins, Laverne A.
Anderson, Wayne
Badali, Sam
Booth, Laurence W.
Brand, William S.
Bryson, Ike
Capuano, Giacinto A.
Carothers, Willis S.
Chapin, Albert K.
Couch, Harold LeR.
Currie, Albert S.
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BRINGS OUT
THE SMOOTHIE
IN YOU!

Wind-roughened, "sandpaper" lips won't get you to first base with your girl friend — get wise to Chap Stick! Protects lips from sun, wind—keeps 'em smooth always. Brings quick relief if already sore and windburnt.

Stick or "Fives" 25¢ at your PK.



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Pounds, Oscar I.
Massey, Roger A.
McGaha, Kenneth G.
Oberski, Stanley S.
Parrish, Byron W.
Paszynski, Frank
Ross, Theodore E.
Sager, Norman F.
Smith, Emil W.
Smith, Russel E.
Steed, Frank P.
Stewart, Clyde T.
Trotter, Lool C.
Weick, Fred P.
Wentworth, Raymond

J.
Wyatt, John B.
Yates, Orion L.
Bauer, Gerald T.
Bryan, Joseph F.
Duffy, John A.
Engle, Dale C.
Fiscoe, Anillo J.
Flowers, Gerald L.
Franklin, David F.
Green, Junior D.
Gross, Lawrence C.
Hobkirk, William A.
James, Dallas T.
Keller, Bradley H.
Lane, Harold R.
Magnifico, Peter J.
Maloney, Donal P.
Massey, Odie I.
Nechvatal, Charles J.
Parker, James E.
Ragland, Roy K.
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Restaino, Felix G.
Robin, Donald J.
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Brandon, Joseph L.
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Ciccone, Ernest F.
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Coleman, Bernard J.
Drenning, James H.
Ferris, James W.
Forrester, Frank W.
Gahuska, Stephen J.
George, Howard A.
Gose, George C.
Greene, Thomas H.
Hanley, Edward J.
Hoekstra, James R.
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Jones, Earl C.
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Kamke, Arnold E.
Katz, Henry Harold

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Kochan, John A.
Lynch, Patrick R.
Meredith, Stanley H.
Miller, Peter E.
McClary, Charles R.
McGlothlin, Delford W.
Norfleet, Eugene A.
Pearson, Norman C. S.
Pendergrass, Dewey W.
Phillips, Henry A. Jr.
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Planter, William E.
Poitervin, Paul
Roland, Harry S.
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Smith, Rupert L.
Sugg, Charles W.
Teague, Boyd T.
Whaley, Amos E.
Wilson, William F.
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Clark, Harry F.
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Ford, Walter E.
Granath, Edmund H.
Greer, Nick A.
Hines, Maurice H.
Kramer, Bryce B.
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Lord, Albert H.
Manhet, Richard P.
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McClintock, Russel M.
Petow, John
Rousar, Edward E.
Shanolz, Harry O.
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Adkins, Shelby
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Bass, Estess S.
Bell, Glenn M. Jr.
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Burnett, Raymond A.
Cantwell, Michael J.

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King, Louis
Land, Cecil W.
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Dangerfield, George B.
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Johnson, Donald L.
Kaczor, Chester A.
Langridge, Paul D.
Milko, Jerome E.
Nealis, Edmond G.
Pietrzak, Walter
Regan, Lawrence F.
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Robbins, J. D.
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Tew, Charles W. Jr.
Andrews, William E.

Jr.
Barton, Bertram R.
Callahan, Robert J.
Campbell, Vincent P.
Carman, Earl R.
Clydesdale, Robert Jr.
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Dale, Buford L.
Fleming, William R.
Flynn, James H.
Franke, Robert W.
Frey, William H.
Green, James E.
Houser, Ralph W.
Kiken, Jonas
Kohn, Charles R.
Allard, Robert V.
Bragg, Cecil H.
Browning, James
Byczek, Stanley F.
Cook, Dallas H.
Faulkner, James C. O.
Herrero, Henry A.
Miller, Ralph C.
Proulx, Lionel L.
Rokaski, Charles
Staley, Banks W.
Stidham, Howard E.
Thomason, Clyde
Tosch, Robert W.
Yount, William I.
Lee, Joseph L.
Levin, Ralph P.
Mills, Willie R.
Nordstrom, Harold A.
Panuska, Andy
Resch, William H. Sr.
Rodriguez, Pedro
Sanford, John C.
Smith, Joel S.
Starr, George H.
Thomas, Otis W.
Alexander, Ray E.
Day, William H.
DeLuna, Vincent E.
Ekland, Geoffrey E.
Gasperini, Arthur J.
Geist, Frank E.
Haas, Frank J.
Kafura, Julius J.
Kawish, Howard W.
Lambert, Robert L.
McKay, Robert M.
Rawcliffe, Charles E.
Shook, Joseph B.
Sloan, Joseph C.
Smith, Pierce H. Jr.
Szymoniak, Henry A.

Jr.
Talbot, John M.
Tuz, Walter W.
Alexander, Victor M.
Anderson, Frederick A.
Anderson, George M.
Jr.
Atkins, Theron L.
Brown, John G.
Clark, Alton S.
Huskey, Cecil W.
Landry, Joseph S.
Mordley, Frank E. Jr.
Munn, Carmel
McCauley, James E.
Rankin, John O. III
Robinson, Roland L.
Tuszynski, Ervin J.
Vaught, Perle W.
Weigel, Vernon E.
Herford, Lucina W.
Hire, George T.
Imhoff, Charles C.
Kellermann, Lewis F.
Kniselev, William J.
Leonard, George T.
Mili, Michael Jr.
McElyea, Edward F.
Newbrough, Dale I.
Newman, William G.
Olson, George T.
O'Quinn, James M.

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Carroll, William B.
Carter, Floyd E.
Casper, Arno G.
Chambers, Walter A.
Cooper, Harry W.
Crock, Rex W.
Davidson, John C.
Dawson, William R.
Jr.
Deboard, Curtis R.
DeBirgilio, Albert J.
Dornbergh, John M.
Elder, Robert P.
Elmore, George F.
Fuhrman, Ruben
Giveans, Chris E. Jr.
Gulley, Warren L.
Haddad, Eli P.
Harley, Arthur E.
Haslauer, Warren J.
Hichman, Arnie A.
Hilla, John E.
Hommert, Walter
Hornor, Rayburn M.
Humes, James E.
Keeney, Homer H.
Baker, Charles E.
Benedict, Frank L.
Blinkovitch, Julius
Brady, Raymond D.
Brewer, Thomas J. Jr.
Dean, Francis A.
Hahn, Victor L.
McCormick, George L.
Carroll, William B.
Bounds, Irvin E.
Mars, Amos G.
Brewer, James T.
Whitmore, John V.
Rodosovich, Michael
Jr.
Stines, Clarence J.
Carter, Kenneth L.
Early, Daniel J.
Hedges, Chris D.
Plummer, Thomas R.
Maul, Edward Jr.
Caudle, James B.
Deavours, Oscar J.
Frisenda, Arthur M.
Harris, Edward W. Jr.
Lempesis, Charles L.

Pipes, Walter H.
Seno, Frank J.
Sherry, Robert C. B.
Smedley, Raymond C.
Wise, Jon F.
Burk, Ned R.
Carr, Donald J.
Gaff, George W.
Gillespie, Vern A.
Goddard, Charles O.
Goebel, John A.
Hampton, Felix G.
Joiner, John R.
Lambor, Andrew
Martin, Clelan F.
Morgan, Allen M. J.
McCluskey, Terry C.
Pollom, Charles E.
Sheridan, Emmett M.
Holloway, Carl M.
Ross, Robert A.
Schlegel, Stanley R.
Hassler, Earl A.
Mahoney, Francis P.
Dudley, Floyd J. Jr.
Worrick, George J. Jr.
Huckabay, Uri L. Jr.
Davidson, Adrian C.
Davies, Robert T. Jr.
Black, Joseph W.
Brown, Andrew M.
Alliger, Harry H.
Balster, John D.
Bradford, Nelson O.
Graczyk, Andrew C.
Fields, Leonard A.
King, Russell K.
Bigelow, George H.
Blunt, Raymond S. Jr.
Welch, Walter J.
Wolverton, Keith G.
Volk, Edward L.
Michalegno, Peter W.
Flynn, Walter S.
Tolbert, Francis X.
Schaub, Harry E.
Bennett, John L. Jr.
Dunlavy, Harry C.
Cooke, Franklin O.
Hurlbut, James W.
Keller, Matthew L.

Longanecker, Robert K.
Rainville, Edward C.
TO CORPORAL:
Voss, Fritz
Gray, Rowland C.
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"AND I GOT this one with soap wrappers."

THE LEATHERNECK

Spearhead in The Solomons

(Continued from page 18)

the fortress of Tanambogo, approached only by a narrow causeway completely blanketed by Jap fire. Amphibious troops were given this assignment, and tried a night attack, but a naval shell hit a fuel dump, silhouetting Marines against the glare, trapped between two piers, a perfect target for Jap gunners. The Marines withdrew until dawn, two of them swimming back to Gavutu in the confusion.

The dawn attack, led by Col. Hunt, moved steadily ahead through the wall of fire, led by two tanks. The wily Japs let the tanks land, then swarmed over them, jammed the mechanism with iron rods, poured gasoline over it, and set it afire. The lieutenant in one tank opened the top of the turret, sighted in his AA gun, and killed 23 Japs before he was knifed to death. Marines who followed close behind avenged his death twenty times over, using the same tactics as on Tulagi and Gavutu.

Sailor Riley describes this action, too:

"Seeing those Marines fight made you proud. . . . Those Marines were entirely oblivious of their own safety. They walked right into fire, and when some were killed, others kept right on going. Those Marines didn't seem to give a damn whether they lived or died, so long as they died shooting Japs."

By far the biggest prize of the expedition was also the easiest captured: the airport at Guadalcanal. About 85 per cent complete, it already had a 1,400-yard runway, plenty long enough for Flying Fortresses, which may have moved in by September. Within a few hours of the first landing, carrier-based Navy and Marine fighters and bombers were using the field to fight Jap raider planes. With it the Marines took over intact "vast quantities of stores and equipment, food, fuel, ammunition, and scores of trucks."

They moved in to nearly completed steel hangars, tents, wooden barracks, made use of Jap telephone, radio, water, refrigeration, dynamo systems. They ate Japanese rice, drank Japanese beer and saki, wore enemy raincoats, and smoked Jap cigarettes. What a field day for souvenir hunters when these boys hit the States!

GUADALCANAL JAPS EASY

Unlike the fierce, resourceful defenders of Tulagi and Tanambogo, the Japs on Guadalcanal went to pieces as the Raider battalion landed. They left bowls half filled with rice and chopsticks, pants hanging on the line to dry, an officer's bathtub ready for the bath. All these were abandoned in the rush for cover, as well as several hundred workmen, who went without food for a few days and then surrendered to the Marines. About 300 prisoners are now held—only 7 of them regular troops. The rest are "small, scrawny, scared" laborers. The soldiers tried to pretend they were workers, too,

but the Marines soon picked them out.

As the Marines advanced and met little opposition, it became plain that "when Japanese lose their leadership or something goes wrong with their plans, they become confused and don't know what to do." The defenders of Guadalcanal, lacking orders, had fled to the jungle and mountains to the northwest. On the second day, the Marines did a little mopping-up near the projected ship base at Kukum, but except for air raids quickly beaten down, real trouble on Guadalcanal did not come for almost ten days.

During that time, the Marines moved in in force. Lashed by driving rains, cut by knife-edged coral ridges, sweltering in heat in the nineties, living on iron rations of beans and hash with little water available, the Corps' latest iron men came through without a fumble.

As the *New York Times* correspondent saw them in action:

"The task confronting them was dangerous, difficult and damnably mean. Yet every one of them gave everything he had. . . . Working in the rain during the first sixty hours, they labored day and night unloading ammunition and supplies, clearing the transports, so vulnerable to Jap bombings. Many of them dropped in their tracks from exhaustion and slept where they fell.

"Patrols hacked their way through the underbrush, covering long distances under toughest of conditions, lugging heavy packs, machine guns,

laying wire. . . . The hot and steaming climate made the least job a terrific effort. Food was limited and water was scarce. Never did the marines have a tougher job to do and never did they swing into it with greater zeal or higher morale."

By the time the base was established, the Japs had already made several counter-blows aimed at dislodging the Devil Dogs. The very first afternoon, a bomber flight from Rabaul filled the sky with ack-ack, while dive bombers scored a hit on a U. S. destroyer. But the landing forces were unscathed as carrier-based Navy and Marine fighters drove off the Japs. New trick tried by the Nips was a seaplane-bomber conversion of the Zero fighter—a trick promptly trumped by the Marines, with 18 Jap losses to none for our airmen.

An even greater flight attacked the expedition at noon on the 8th.

"U. S. transports scattered for the open sea to disperse the target offered. Almost skimming the waves, the Mitsubishi's lunged among the cargo ships and lighters, bursting into flames as they ran the murderous belt-line of ack-ack from U. S. warships. Those who escaped fell prey to Navy fighters who dove down from above. Of the forty Jap bombers who started on this suicidal mission, few could have returned."

It was later established that only one left the area entirely, with its port motor afire and two fighters on its tail. One U. S. transport was set afire by a suicide

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plane crash to its deck, but the fire was soon under control.

After this exciting afternoon, the flotilla anchored for the night. High winds and rain knocked several small boats around and cut ship to shore communications. But at 2 A. M., Sunday, the

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word was passed "All is well." Then all hell broke loose.

"Over to the west, toward the channel, there was a sudden rumble of gunfire. Instantly three ships were burning, great blazes of flame against the black night. One ship seemed to explode . . . lifted right out of the water. Searchlights flashed briefly between big gun flashes. It was the first big fight between Jap and American surface vessels. In the darkness, it was impossible to tell who was winning or what was happening. Three times before sunrise, men out in small boats were called aboard transports made ready to leave the area."

When final returns on this naval action were in, the Navy announced that the Jap relief fleet had been driven off, although losses could not be estimated in the dark. Our own United fleet had lost one cruiser, the Australian flagship *Canberra*, suffered damages to two other cruisers, two destroyers, and a transport.

Lieutenant Merillat continues the action:

"After the sound of battle receded, and we were bedding down again in our rain-puddles, rumors flew thick that the Japs were attempting to land on the beach 200 yds. north of the main Command Post. Flares dropped by Jap planes to mark Lunga Point gave a ring of truth to the alarm, and in the blackness and rain our own landing boats had been mistaken for the enemy. The truth was learned before any damage was done.

"Since then we have been digging in, scouting out enemy detachments, potting snipers one by one, getting ready for the counter-invasion that is sure to come. A few Jap planes come by daily just at noon, but are of interest only to set our watches. Enemy subs pop up in the bay now

and then and lob a few shells onto our island. But we have become so used to planes, bombs, ships and shells, that we pay little attention.

"The Marines have what they want, and they mean to hold it."

The Japs, however, had other ideas, and proved themselves masters of cunning, endurance, and resourcefulness. They used all the tricks the gyrenes had been taught to expect, and more, but their trickery was no match for Marine coolness, weapons, teamwork.

A typical Japanese trick that worked only once resulted in the death of some 20 Marines. A Jap major came out of the wood and reported that 70 soldiers, surrounded, wished to surrender. Marines who followed him into an ambush were mowed down like cornstalks.

PRETEND TO SURRENDER

Other Japs, pretending to surrender, would approach with raised arms, carrying concealed pellets of explosives in their fists, which they threw as soon as they were within range. Marines soon tired of chasing snipers who threw firecrackers, "dead" Japs who tossed grenades, "prisoners" who shot guards in the back. They made sure that all Japs were dead.

They didn't even bother much about the Jap wounded, after the yellow patients had "in cold blood" killed American doctors trying to aid them.

They tried to rid the entire island of Guadalcanal of Jap pests, but the territory was too big for the small patrol forces, and the Jap resistance too determined. Reinforcements and supplies for Jap units holed up in the hills were dropped by plane, sneaked in by sub and fast patrol boat from neighboring Jap-held islands. For a full month, guerrilla fighting went on, without rest and without quarter.

Riley's account paints several vivid scenes: "We took supplies aboard and headed inshore. By mistake we landed on Gavutu instead of Tulagi. Marines were walking along the beach a few feet away. Frequently they would kneel and fire at some target, unknown until a Jap sniper tumbled out of hiding.

"Just after daylight one Jap swam ashore about 50 feet from us."

He was dressed in undershirt, khaki



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THE LEATHERNECK



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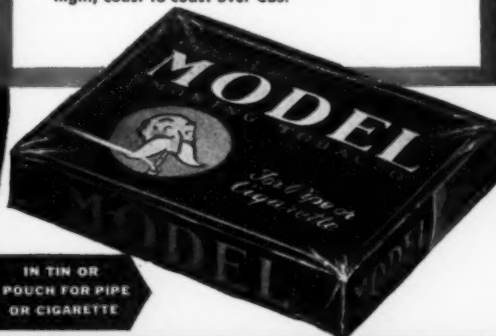
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pants, and leggings, carrying two grenades, and walking so unconcernedly we thought he must be a Marine. As he neared a hillside where some other Japs were holed up in a cave, he started to run. Some Marines nearby caught on, opened fire, and killed him.

While I was watching, one Jap stuck a rifle out of the cave and shot. The bullet hit a Marine in the elbow, missing the bone. Another Marine tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Dressing station's down there." The Marine got up without a word and walked down. Another Marine took his place.

Just then a Jap walked out of the cave in front of our eyes and seated himself on the patch. He was laughing loudly and a little hysterically. He had a full uniform but no rifle or helmet. Apparently waiting to be killed drove him crazy. He didn't wait much longer.

Our raiders weren't the least bit excited. All they wanted to do was kill Japs. Some of them had been at Midway. While we were on the beach, Marines would stalk out of the woods and ask for a smoke. We'd give it and ask how it was going. The most they would say was: "O. K. Have to go back and get a couple in there." I remember asking if our losses were heavy. He said, "They've killed some of us."

The beach was sprinkled with the bodies of Japs, shot through the head. The Japs were apparently veteran troops, not

very young. Some of their uniforms were much like the Marines except different colored leggings and cartridge belts. They were exactly like the Jap Marines we used to watch drill in China.

WELL ARMED TEXAN

The Marines were allowed to carry whatever weapons they chose. . . All had knives, which they spent the night before sharpening. I remember one boy who must have been a Texan. He had twin bandoliers of cartridges across his chest and another around his waist. Two .45 automatics in open holsters were at his sides, with another in a shoulder holster. A long machete was fastened to his belt. And completing his equipment was a tommy gun.

The Marines told me the Japs spoke good English and used clever tricks. One Jap took the clothes from a dead Marine and started to pass our sentries just at dusk. The Jap slapped a sentry on the back and inquired "What's doing, kid?"

The sentry answered, "Never mind what's cooking," and shot him on the spot.

The first night ashore the Marines occupied a large building but decided to sleep outside, and posted sentries. The next morning they went to re-enter the building and were met by machine-gun fire. Somehow during the night 14 Japs had got through our lines and into the house. The Marines burned them out.

The Marines let us wander everywhere on the island, but we stopped doing it when we learned they were using us as bait to trap snipers. Several times a



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bluejacket would walk past a Marine—crouching silently by the path. The blue-jacket would get a few feet past when he would hear shots—one from a sniper aiming at him and the other from the Marine who'd been waiting for the sniper to give away his position.

Japs hid everywhere. I saw one in a tiny hole in a rock. It looked as if he had been born there and grown up to fit the hole. He was dead, sitting cross-legged.

The Marines had a lot of respect for the Japs who wouldn't surrender. Sometimes the Marines hollered,

"Surrender, you bastards."

The Japs would reply, "Come and get us."

Getting the Japs out of that green hell was a task for heroes. No more gripping or tragic story has come out of the Pacific than that of the 25-man patrol on Guadalcanal of which only 3 returned to report enemy concentration strength and disposition.

As Sgt. James W. Hurlbut tells it: "In the dead of night they proceeded in a small boat to a remote beachhead, and then pushed forward into the jungle to seek the enemy.

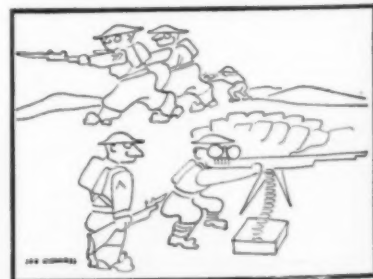
"Deep in the defenders' territory one group ran into a burst of machine gun fire. Only struggles with enemy outposts. Badly outnumbered, they fought their way back to their comrades.

"Soon their beachhead was surrounded and the Japanese opened up with machine guns. The order was given to dig in. With canteen cups and helmets the men dug fox-holes in the sand. They sent volley after volley into the darkness, and cries of many enemy wounded were heard.

"Slowly the Marine patrol was cut to pieces. Sgt. Charles C. Arndt, of Okolona, Miss., was sent to swim and crawl his way along the shore line to get help. He had not gone 200 yards when he was heard shooting it out with an enemy. Believing him killed, the officer in charge later sent back a second man, Corp. Joseph Spaulding of New York.

"Both of these men got through safely, but help could not be sent in time to save the gallant men who stayed to fight it out on that lonely, bullet-torn beach.

"Arndt told how he got his man before taking to the water. He swam for some distance clad only in field shoes and helmet. His pistol was tied to the chin strap of his hel-



"TAKE HIS GLASSES, Iverson, and come along."

THE LEATHERNECK

met. Coming in to the shore, he spied two Japs. He unstrapped his pistol, took careful aim and shot one. The other 'ran off like a scared rabbit.' Arndt stole a rowboat from a small Jap camp near-by.

"Spaulding swam to the same camp. Thinking it a Marine outpost, he walked to within 20 feet of it before coming face to face with a Jap soldier. Being unarmed, he dove back into the water. The Jap fired at him without success. Spaulding heard the Jap scrambling along the rocks of the shore line in pursuit.

"Farther on Spaulding came to a mile-long beach which he was unable to swim around. Figuring that bold action was called for, he took his waterproof-wrapped iron ration candy bar out of his pocket, unwrapped it and began sauntering casually along the beach, chewing on the chocolate.

"Nothing happened. He walked for one, two, three minutes and looked around behind him. The Jap was still prowling in the bushes looking for Spaulding.

"Of the other members of the patrol, only one returned. He was Sgt. Frank L. Few, of Oklahoma City. Few swam four miles to a beach. 'I climbed out of the water,' he related, 'and ran like hell to the main body.'

"A minute after Spaulding left, Few continued in his report of the patrol's action, 'someone walked in front of me. I thought it was one of our boys come to help and asked for the password. He let out a yell and made a stab at me. I knocked the bayonet down to my right, grabbed it away from him and killed him with it. In the scuffle, I was wounded in the right chest and arm.'

"Early in the morning the tide began to come in and washed out the fox-holes. The sergeant saw one of his remaining companions shot five times in the back.

"By this time many other members of the patrol had been hit. Few, seeing further resistance was futile, picked off a Jap sniper on his right flank, threw his rifle in the water, spit out the ammunition he had been holding in his mouth and headed out into the ocean. 'As he looked back over his shoulder,' Few said, 'I could see the Japs back on the beach using their bayonets on our wounded and could clearly see the sunlight glinting on the two-handed Samurai swords.'

"On the night of August 20 the Japs staged their expected counter-offensive, and the First Marines had the first chance to show their stuff in defending beach-heads. Against a force of 700 crack Jap first-line troops, brought in by speedy landing barges protected by six destroyers, the Americans more than held their own. After two and a half days of action, all but 30 were killed, in what one correspondent calls "one of the most disastrous defeats in Japanese history." In 14 hours of the hardest fighting, an estimated 750 Japanese troops were encircled and annihilated. Our tanks have just come back from a mopping-up expedition

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in which, despite heavy Japanese fire and anti-tank grenades which put one tank out of action (with no casualties), the last organized Japanese positions were cleaned up.

"The Japanese dead are strewn in a long, irregular line along the sandbar that closes the mouth of the Tenaru River. In places, they are lying three deep, testimony to the fierce efforts which the Japs made to cross this bridgehead and storm the strong American forces on the west bank.

"Beyond the sandbar, in the coconut grove to the east of the Tenaru, amidst the stumps of palms shattered by artillery or smashed flat by tanks, piled in shell and fox-holes, are the remnants of many Japanese machine gun and light artillery positions.

MOP-UP ON TENARU

"The actual count of bodies is 176 on the sandbar, 443 in the grove, 36 in a row of tin houses beyond the grove and 50 in the estimated number of those who tried to escape by swimming and were shot.

"They were evidently first-line troops, larger physically than the puny labor battalion prisoners we have captured on the island, and equipped with rifles, machine guns, light artillery, mortars, grenades and flame throwers.

"This force, composed of Japanese army regulars, landed successfully, and worked their way down to the Tenaru before the battle began.

"Shortly after midnight this morning a platoon of Marines stationed on the banks of the Tenaru encountered snipers' fire from the other banks. Sniper fire in itself is not indication of any enemy strength on this island. There are still probably a few score of snipers who harass outposts occasionally. The platoon was not alarmed—at first. But at 2:10 A. M. it became evident that the platoon was opposed by more than a stray sniper or two. Japanese machine guns and mortars began to fire, and machine guns answered from our shore. At about 3 o'clock, the Japanese stormed our position, after successfully running across the bar at the mouth of the Tenaru. Many Japanese were killed, but a few crossed the bar and one hurled a rifle grenade at the position.

"The other Japs who managed to cross the spit of sand were also killed and those behind them driven back by heavy fire. In the hours remaining before daylight, Marine reinforcements were arriving at the outpost with heavy weapons, and each successive attempt was more costly to the Japanese than the preceding one. But the Japs became aware of the American position, and at about 4 o'clock in the morning, they fired flares which showed exactly where the Americans lay.

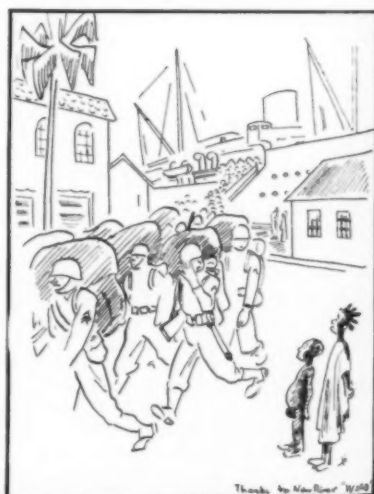
"The Americans 'dug in,' improved their positions, and held them, despite the fact that they knew by this time that they were faced by a force which was temporarily far superior.

"Our artillery began to fire on the Japanese positions in the grove on the other side of the Tenaru, where the enemy was bringing up more troops and heavy weapons.

"Lieutenant Colonel Gerald C. Thomas, Gen. Vandegrift's chief of operations, was laying out the campaign on a map for Col. Cresswell with appropriate profanity.

"We want you to go in here and pin the sons of bitches down," he said.

"That was just what Colonel Cresswell did—with improvements. Colonel Cress-



"PSS-T, SAY WHAT country is this, anyway?"

THE LEATHERNECK



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well drove them in a pocket straight towards our positions on the bank of the Tenaru.

"The Japs were hurling rifle grenades in our direction and raking us with machine gun fire. There was one machine gun on the spit of sand at the mouth of the Tenaru. We could not spot it until we saw a hand move about the curve of the beach. Then we ranged out mortar fire into the nest. The first blast was off; the second nearer. Then, just before the third, we saw a Jap poke up his helmeted head. The shell landed squarely on top, smothered him in black smoke. In the cloud of smoke, three men jumped up and ran for the far end of the bar. They were cut down by a shower of fire.

"Machine gun and rifle fire from the other bank still held us up. There was also heavy sniper fire. The snipers were carefully camouflaged, and some were tied in the tops of trees. They had to be spotted and killed one by one. The machine gun and rifle fire was finally cleaned up by our tanks, which crossed the river while Jap bullets rattled from their steel surfaces, and then mowed their way through the cocoanut grove.

"I later saw one machine gun nest which had been hit squarely; there were 12 twisted, blasted bodies, many of them half buried in the sandy beach. I saw one tank flush a couple of Japs from one fox-hole, one of them ran for the beach, with the machine gun bullets of the tank ripping along behind him. On the beach

he squatted for a second and when he rose a Marine gunner took careful aim and picked him off with one shot.

"Everywhere, the Japanese resisted to the death. Some of them playing dead along the Tenaru spit tried to reach their rifles and got shot for their troubles. Others pretended to be dead and when the rising tide set them afloat tried to swim out to sea and swim ashore behind our line. They were killed as they approached the beach.

"Others who were wounded waited until would-be captors bent over them and flung hand grenades into the Americans' faces. Fortunately in both cases the thrown grenades missed their targets and exploded some distance away."

But these tactics did not stop the Leathernecks.

Our Marines, from the foot soldiers to the aviators, and from the privates to generals, are the most impressive body of fighters I've seen in the war. Their organization is thorough and smooth-working. Their of-

ficers are real leaders who do not hesitate to make decisions and take the responsibility. Every man knows his job and goes about it in thoroughgoing fashion.

At this writing their position at the spearhead of America's first offensive is still somewhat uncertain since they haven't had time to dig in thoroughly. They are facing enemy counter-attacks and the huge Japanese fleet.

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BROOKLYN — DALLAS — ATLANTA

I just talked to some Marine Pilots who were about to take off in dive bombers. They said:

"It's their neck or ours. We'll get them all right."

At the same time that word was passed that the Jap expedition had been completely wiped out, news was issued about the successful Makin Island raid on August 17, led by Col. Carlson and Major James Roosevelt. This was an entirely different type of operation, there being no intention to hold beachheads as in the Solomons, but merely to cripple Jap installations there and prevent them from sending help to the Solomons. Green-painted Marine Raiders (Don't ever call them Commandos unless you want to start a fight) whipped ashore through heavy surf, in which Capt. Davis lost his pants; had to wear a sarong. They ran up against snipers tied into trees, sabotaged by natives eager to help the Americans. They destroyed much materiel, burned a radio station, killed scores of Jap soldiers and officials. Interesting discoveries on the island included fact that Japs were using pre-war-labeled U. S. gasoline, trucks, corned beef. Of 200 Jap marines on Makin, 198 were killed, plus 150 more drowned with two Jap ships sunk by Navy shells. The Marines lost fewer than 20 dead, wanted prisoners, but couldn't find any.

Excited Japs from other bases flew over in bombers which did more harm to their own men than anything else. Carlson's Raiders, like Solomon's amphibian fighters, refused to get excited.

Sergeant Jim Faulkner of Red Oak, Texas, got shot through the hand.

"Goddamit, they got me," Sgt. Faulkner cried, and went on fighting. He was hit in the head.

"Goddamit, they got me again," Sgt. Faulkner yelled. He was hit in the side. His howl rang through the palms.

"Goddamit they got me!" He was hit in the leg.

"Goddamit," Sgt. Faulkner announced, "they got me!"

Finally persuaded to return to the beach and his ship, he awoke after an hour and a half on the operating table and turned to the surgeon, "Goddamit," said Sgt. Faulkner, "you are trying to starve me!"

He then sat up and had a bowl of soup.

"THE BEARD" WALKS

Private James Hawkins of South Gate, Calif., has a fearsome red beard. He met eight Japs, killed three of them. They shot him in both sides of the chest. Supposedly dying, Pvt. Hawkins was removed to a ship. Early next morning someone found him walking the decks. "I had a hunch that if I got up and took a walk I'd live," Pvt. Hawkins explained. He was right.

Reporters asked Major Roosevelt, nursing a bandaged finger cut on coral while landing, "Did you kill any Japs?" "Shot at a couple of snipers," he replied. "We got 'em."

Maj. Roosevelt may have only just returned to Honolulu before being called



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THE LEATHERNECK

out for the next round in the championship battle of Marines vs. Nippos in the Solomons. For on the night of August 23rd, the Japs sent one of their largest naval units, including four aircraft carriers, numerous cruisers and destroyers, and even a battleship, from the great base at Truk to blast Guadalcanal and Tulagi.

U. S. reconnaissance and scout planes spotted the Jap flotilla, routed the advance guard of carrier-based planes, and bombed the hell out of it in a 36-hr. battle, which left one small carrier, the "Ryuzo," burning and awash, scored severe damage on three other carriers and a battleship, left one cruiser and one transport burning fiercely. Once again, U. S. naval strength had been more than a match for the Japs. It was becoming increasingly apparent that the Japs had learned from Midway, Coral Sea, and two Solomons engagements that it was fatal to expose their precious remaining capital ships to U. S. Marine and Navy gun crews and dive bombers. It was also becoming increasingly apparent that they would have to make a stand, try to cripple U. S. strength in the Pacific, if the Solomons defeat was not to be repeated over and over again.

RUPERTUS PRAISES BOYS

They were being no more successful in the air. Heavy raids on Sept. 2, 3, and 5 followed the naval defeat, resulted in a total loss of 122 Jap planes since Aug. 7 in this area. U. S. Marine pilots, spoiling for dogfights, declare Jap fliers in this area show definite lack of training, stamina, ability. Japs may face acute pilot shortage, added to naval woes.

But it isn't keeping them from trying again. Proof that Japan cannot afford to let the Solomons go by default is the repeated flotillas she is throwing against the constantly strengthened bases the Marines have wrested from Jap hands. AEF soldiers are reported reinforcing these islands now, freeing Marines for further landing activities nearer to Japan.

Regardless of how many future struggles Japan decides to engage in to "save lost face" and regain lost bases, regardless of who holds the fort, the Army, the Navy or the Marine Corps, nothing can dull the brilliant record already made by our forces in the Solomons.

Fighting Marine officers, veterans of campaigns in many countries, were unanimous in high praise both of Admiral Ghormley's staff and strategy, and of the men who made its success possible.

Said General Rupertus, who was in the thick of the fight: "This campaign should compare with any in history on the score of bravery. A whole carload of congressional medals should be given out for the heroism displayed here. What these men did was far above and beyond all devotion to duty. The United States should be proud of them."

And after the initial victory, General Vandegrift declared, "Our comrades have added the name of a splendid victory to the long roll of battle honors won by the Marines."



MARY ZACHARY is a real outdoor girl, yet when you see her at New York night spots, she sparkles like a neon sign! She's a brown-haired, hazel-eyed beauty—always game for a good time. "I like to go dancing with an oh-so-dashing Service man," says lovely Mary, showing her dimples, "especially when a pair of *Shinola*-shined shoes makes his uniform stand out from the crowd!"

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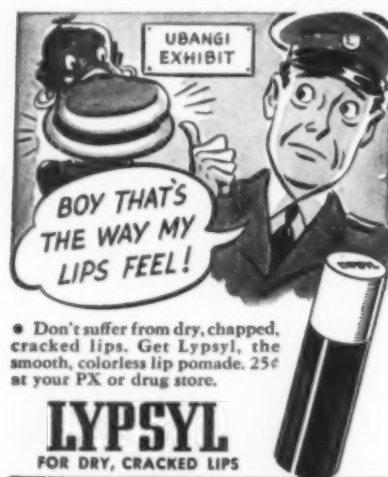
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Pay Day on Foreign Duty

(Continued from page 25)

currency units from countries where Marines may now be serving.

Foreign duty has always had Leatherneck appeal, one of the chief reasons being the chance to live like a millionaire on even a private's pay. Shanghai and Peiping used to be paradise in that respect. At one time when the Chinese government called in all paper money and the exchange rate was 425 Mex for one dollar American, the Fourth Marines were paid off in silver dollars. It took a seabag to carry the "pay-check" back to the barracks after exchanging it at the bank.

Those were the days when every Marine could afford to hire a coolie boy—or girl—to do all his bucking, run errands, pull a ricksha,—in fact, everything but answer for him at roll call. A week's laundry might cost only two cents; a three-day drunk would set a man back only a couple of dollars.

There's no duty quite like that today, but wait till this war is over, and with the increased prestige of the U. S. fighting man—and dollar—foreign duty will probably again be as close to heaven on earth as any of us can hope to see.

Kyle Crichton, in Collier's, tells a story about an R.A.F. flier and a U. S. Marine who were sitting at the counter of a drugstore in St. Louis. The English boy was looking at some American coins in his hand.

"What's this one?" he asked.

"That's a nickel, buddy," said the Marine. "Five cents."

The English lad looked at the face of Jefferson on the face of the coin and the colonial mansion on the other side.

"What does Monticello mean?" he asked.

"One of them foreign words," said the Marine. "Latin."

"And who's this gentleman here on the front?" asked the R.A.F. man.

The Marine looked at it a moment fleetingly.

"It's nobody," he said nonchalantly. "We change 'em every year."

The R.A.F. boy continued to look at the coin, turning it over in his hand musingly.

"In my country," he said at length, "when something is stamped on a coin it generally means something."

The Marine whacked him on the back.

"Whad do you want to be knockin' yourself out for?" he cried heartily. "Money's money. What do you care whose mug's on it; get rid of it."

He looked up at the soda jerker behind the counter.

"Put that all on one cheek, will you buddy?" he said.

Fighter Planes Under Fire

(Continued from page 23)

commander was wounded, and one co-pilot was dead.

Unless the Axis can produce a plane to drive U. S. Fortresses and Liberators out of the high-level area, over-all air supremacy must eventually come to the United Nations on all fronts. (See "America's Striking Power" in March, 1942, LATHERNECK.) These giants are constantly being improved, given greater firepower and armor. Even U. S. medium bombers (North American B-25 and Martin B-26), of the type which bombed Tokio, are faster, more maneuverable, carry greater bomb loads over greater distances than anything the Axis has. Germany's highly touted Dornier D-17 was an expensive flop.

Angle on the in-line liquid-cooled (Allison type) vs. radial "sunfish" air cooled (Pratt-Whitney) feud is that for years, Army pursuits have featured the former while Navy fighters (Grummans, used by the Marines, and the new "under wraps" Vought-Sikorsky Corsair) have insisted on the latter. Performance records of the two forces in the Pacific action, while without great basis for comparison, give definite edge to Navy fighters, who also shone in the mixed group of AVG's under Chennault.

It may be Navy training, it may be the air-cooled engine, it may be a run of luck. But the U. S. Navy and Marine Corps have long been sold on the idea of maneuverability instead of streamlining in plane design, of horse-power rather than speed at low altitudes. Tested in eight months of warfare on all fronts, the Navy's viewpoint is now being accepted by experts and concerned citizens of all nations.

THE LEATHERNECK

First Marines in The South Pacific

(Continued from page 19)

shorten the passage of our vessels to and from China."

Last port of call in this area was Singapore, even then dominating ocean traffic in the South Pacific. The Expedition went on to India, across the Indian Ocean to Madagascar, and finally landed in New York after a four-year around the world voyage. The routes taken by this pioneer expedition are almost entirely those most under fire in the battle of supply lines today, and the information Wilkes and his men gained was the foundation for all future reconnaissance activities in the South Pacific.

Another close parallel with today's situation in the Pacific was the fact that the expedition's only charts and accounts of previous voyages in these waters were those supplied by the Russian Vice-Admiral. All findings were of course kept extremely secret, and although Wilkes did not censor the mail (mail service in those days rendering any exact news so late in arriving that it could be of little practical value), orders were posted forbidding men to write accounts of their doings, or talk to natives of the purpose and route of the expedition.

What made the trip most outstanding was that it was done before the days of steam and radio, in two sloops-of-war, the "Vincennes" and the "Peacock," a brig (sailing ship, not prison ship), and two tenders, the "Flying Fish" and the "Sea Gull," the former "New Jersey." Most of these made the entire cruise, although the "Peacock" was wrecked off Oregon during exploring activities along that comparatively unknown coast.

The men went weeks without fresh food, drank stale water, had little opportunity for either recreation or even change of uniform. It speaks well for the commander, Charles Wilkes, that so

many of the crew served the entire cruise, and the ships remained without serious danger through so many storms and seas. Wilkes seems to have been a bit of a sundowner, strict, but fair in discipline, and to have had little trouble with either officers or men. Two young midshipmen were run up for dueling in South America, and three sailors tried to desert in Samoa. But otherwise, there was little trouble.

The Marine detachment numbered a platoon of 33 men: 28 privates, 4 corporals, and a sergeant. No Marine officers made the cruise. Of these, all but six served the entire cruise, and most of the six died of illness at sea. They were a rugged crew, those Marines of a hundred years ago, and took in stride all as part of the day's work experiences which would have today's newsmen yelping for headline space.

BAN ON BAD SMELLS

The expedition had been a month at sea and was nearing the African coast when the first such incident occurred. A mainsailman, at work aloft in a stiff gale, fell from the shrouds, hanging by his neck on a thin rope. Two of his mates went to the rescue, but could not haul his body up against the wind, and were in grave danger of being pulled off into the foaming sea themselves. It took the prompt action of a squad of Marines to hoist back the 3 sailors, and administer first aid until all were out of danger.

South America, especially southern Brazil and Argentina, Wilkes found to be full of "licentious women" and he had quite a time keeping his crew out of trouble there after so many months at sea. Oddly enough, little "woman trouble" was reported on the fabled South Sea islands.

No orders were posted against bringing women aboard, or rules drawn up for liberty. The only official ban was to the effect that: "No coral, live shells, or anything else that may produce a bad smell will be taken below decks." That

may have included native girls, or merely forestalled the men from trying native sea food. Evidently Wilkes was plenty busy making observations of weather, harbors, native customs, and left the conduct of the men to his junior officers. (There had been a lot of gumbeating before the cruise started when the men found they were to be transferred under a set of officers fresh out of Annapolis. But before they reached the Pacific, officers and crew were a smoothly functioning unit.)

In Samoa, however, Wilkes found that the men, contrary to strict orders, were getting liquor supplies aboard ship. It was against both naval and civil law for natives to be supplied with distilled European liquor, and an immediate search was made of the entire island settlement. Aside from a few stray bottles of native brew, no source could be found for the men's evident hangovers. But a few nights later a native chief came aboard Wilkes' flagship and under oath of secrecy, revealed that some 300 cases of bootleg gin were on the island. They had not been found because they were kept under the protection of the United States flag—in the U. S. consul's cellar. The men had been getting it for three dollars a quart, which was expensive in those days.

The Marines, however, had plenty of money to spend on this cruise, given a chance to spend it. In addition to their regular pay, they were given a government bounty or bonus before the voyage started, in recognition of their peculiarly difficult assignment. The same principle is observed in the extra 10 per cent and 20 per cent over base pay today for sea-going, foreign duty, aviation and submarine.

For their part of the bargain, the Marines guaranteed to stay with the exploring expedition until it disbanded—no easy promise in view of the long stretch of unknown hardships ahead. None of the men were boots, and the terms of service of all of them were up long before they got back to this country. There is no record as to how many of them shipped over, or whether any of them ever went back to settle on a South Pacific isle that took their fancy.

The present "duration" isn't over yet either, but there's no question but that this century's crop of Marines in the South Seas will leave more of a mark than that of the first platoon under Sgt. Walmsley. And though the "good old days" of easy living under the breadfruit tree may be gone with the roar of airplane patrols, U. S. service homes established there will have an "open door" policy of their own for any future Marine explorers who sail that way.



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YANK GETS PERSONAL

"YANK" can't take it. What we started as a little friendly razzing to welcome a talented rookie to the ranks of service magazines they have proceeded, in their August 26 issue, to turn into a name-calling contest. Their remarks, roughly translated run about as follows:

"Leatherheads.

"The Leatherneck,' elegant magazine of the U. S. Marine Corps, hits the crying towel because 'Yank' has five times as many staff members, but doesn't mention that 'Yank' publishes weekly and has no advertising, whereas 'The Leatherneck' plods along once a month 'packed with advertising that attracts Marines: Lifebuoy (the B.O. soap), Lypsysl (to keep those pretty lips ruby red) and Quinsana (it takes the odor out of feet).

"We might add that the USMC sent us as Marine staffer on 'Yank,' no lowly gyrene but a platoon sergeant, holder of the Marine record for grenade throwing. The Marines saved their best for 'Yank'."

That last paragraph is the tip-off as to how much *Yank* knows about Marine Corps spirit and training. There's no such thing as a "lowly gyrene." The first thing we learn in Boot Camp is that a little extra snap and dignity is traditionally expected of every Marine recruit, that a Pfc. in the Marine Corps ranks with and above an army sergeant. Every Marine knows just how much time and importance is placed on the grenade course as compared with the rifle range, extended order or bayonet course. We're not braggin'. But a hasty survey of our staff turned up four expert riflemen, five sharpshooters, eleven marksmen, fourteen pistol experts. Everybody on the staff made expert with both bayonet and grenade.

Our boys don't rate, like *Yank's* super-staff, living in hotel rooms, eating in restaurants, getting out of all drill, inspection, weapons' classes. Instead: 6:15 reveille in regulation squad rooms, troop and inspection, drill or practice parade every morning at 8, room orderly duties, honor guard details, weapons' classes and exams—the full military routine of a guard post. We're Marines first, pencil-pushers second. We use Lifebuoy and Quinsana instead of Chanel No. 5 because unlike *Yank's* breezy skyscraper offices, the drill field makes us sweat.

Sour grapes? No, *Yank*. There are no "combat correspondents" on THE LEATHERNECK staff. We all enlisted to fight; we all expect to before it's over.

Don't get us wrong. We like *Yank*. As a service paper, it's damn good. But we'll take on their staff of publicity hounds man-for-man any time. Any weapon but atomizers!!



ROAD TO TOKIO

FOR the United Nations, the picture at the left carries a lot of hope. It is the picture of a United States Marine in the Solomon Islands looking at a signpost in a deserted Japanese camp. Probably, the Gyrene can't read any part of the sign. But he knows he's on the right road—the road to Tokio.

The way to Tokio leads through the fleets of little islands in Melanania and Micronesia. The shrewd little men of Nippon seized these islands long ago in Word War I. And for all the years, while they prepared for their conquistador role, the Japanese kept the white man out of their island fortresses in the Pacific.

Colonel Earl Ellis of the U. S. Marines went into Micronesia some years back on an exploratory expedition. He never returned. The Japs announced that he died of a fever on the Island of Palau. So sorry.

Amelia Earhart, the famous aviatrix of the 1930's, was making a survey flight of Micronesia when she disappeared. She was flying from New Guinea to Hawaii along with two male pilots. They had made extensive flights over the Japanese islands. Miss Earhart and her aides have never been heard from since.

Perhaps Miss Earhart had gained information which Nippon did not want returned to the United States.

The U. S. Navy was used in the fruitless search for the Earhart expedition. There was a terrific howl from the public: spending thousands of dollars and moving big ships about the Pacific's vastness to look for three flyers! Perhaps it would have been better if the Navy had searched all of Micronesia and Melanesia and spent millions instead of thousands.

But now the U. S. Marines are in Melanesia. Perhaps soon they'll be in Micronesia. And a lot of mysteries will no longer be mysteries. Perhaps we will learn what happened to Colonel Ellis and Miss Earhart—when the Marines get well along on the Road to Tokio.

LAST DAYS AT WAKE

Recreation for the boys at Wake, Midway, Johnson and Palmyra Islands consisted chiefly of softball and fishing—no swimming and very few movies, according to Chief Pharmacist's Mate J. E. Deworocki, Navy Corpsman, who left Wake last November.

However, the fishing was excellent and the boys played plenty of softball. Swimming was prohibited because of the sharks and the movie auditoriums were not then completed. Civilian defense workers had projection equipment, Chief Deworocki said, and the Leathernecks were allowed to see movies.

At the time Chief Deworocki left Wake, Johnson and Palmyra were about one-third completed. "Midway," he said, was "100 per cent, having most of the conveniences of camps and barracks in the States." On Wake, some of the men were still living in tents. Others were quartered in new, large wooden barracks.

Also still under construction at that time on all except Midway Island were canteen and post exchanges. The boys at Wake, for example, had a canteen about 30 feet square.

Also, the Chief pointed out, there were no women on the island. Most of the men had been there from one to six months. After six months' duty they were transferred back to Pearl Harbor for a month's recreation.



**"A
TRIUMPHANT
TESTAMENT!"**

—Howard Barnes, *Liberty Magazine*

No picture has struck America with the impact of Paramount's "Wake Island"; a straightforward re-enactment of the heroic story lived by a handful of United States Marines during fourteen days the world can never forget. Filmed with "savage honesty," in the words of Liberty, this picture is Paramount's sincere salute to you of the Marines.



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WHERE THEY ARE, where they're going may be a military secret, but it's no secret that the one gift they want most from home is *cigarettes*. The brand? *Camel* — the favorite in every branch of the service... Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard (*see bottom, right*). Make it a point *today* to send a carton of Camels to that fellow you know in the service. Ask your dealer for the Camel carton in the service mailing wrapper.

IT'S EVEN EASIER than writing a letter. No wrapping — no mailing. Your dealer has a special wrapper for Camel cartons and complete mailing instructions for all branches of the service. Stop in at your dealer today. Let him send off a carton of Camels to that young fellow who's waiting to hear from you. Take another carton home with you. Enjoy that full, rich flavor... that slow-burning mildness that only Camels give. Then you'll know why, with men in the service, the favorite is Camel!



Good news from home! A carton of Camels. Yes, when the order of the hour is steady nerves, mildness means more than ever before. And for steady pleasure, there's nothing like mild, slow-burning Camels.

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